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No. 85.

WAITING FOR THEE.

BY TOM GOULD.

- Bright are the stars to-night Over my head;
 Oh. how I love their light,
 For thou art dead!
 Brighter they seem to glow,
 Since thou hast gone:
 Is it because I know
 Thou must be one?
- Sad are these thoughts to me!
 Oh, may we never,
 Find our true hearts to be
 Parited forever.
 No; there's a whisper, seems
 Speaking to me,
 Down through the starry beams
 "Waiting for thee!"

 - Down by the little brook,
 Where the soft breeze
 Sighs through our shady nook,
 Under the trees.
 Often at eve I've strayed,
 Thinking of thee,
 And of the plans we made—
 Never to be!

 - Never on earth to be;
 Yet there's a light
 Shines like a hope to me
 Out of the night.
 Bright hope, that seems to say—
 Speaking to me,
 With us thy love doth stay;
 Waiting for thee!"

Adria, the Adopted: The Mystery of Ellesford Grange.

AN AMERICAN ROMANCE.

BY MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON, AUTHOR OF "BRANDED," "SEA HARVEST," "NYM-PHIA'S BRAVERY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE shadow of a great crime brooded low over Ellesford Grange. People came and went in little knots, with scared faces and shuddering horror, and talked in aweand shuddering horror, and taked in awe-stricken whispers of the terrible deed done in darkness, which had left a shocking spec-tacle to be revealed by day.

Hugh Ellesford had been found mur-

There were all the signs of a violent struggle, to give evidence that he had not died tamely. A curtain torn to shreds, furniture overturned—even the carpet ripped from its fastenings in a place or two; pools of blood lying stagnant on the floor, and

sanguine marks smearing the wall.

The corpse was terribly mutilated.
Bruised from head to foot, clawed and bitten, as if by a wild animal, but with five livid marks upon the throat, made, unmistakably, by human fingers.

A tiny lace handkerchief, rumpled and crushed, with an elaborately embroidered

monogram, lay upon a sofa in the room. A coroner's inquest decided upon the ap parent facts. The place was carefully guarded, that no single article might be touched until shrewd detectives were sent for and had arrived. These took minute notes, looked stolid, and said nothing. Only one thing other than the shocking reresult was made known to the excited populace. The party making the attack must have suffered severely.

The marks upon the walls were of some one groping his way through darkness dull red stains marked the length of the passage-way, and on the steps the profusion of blood seemed to show that the assassin, probably overcome by faintness, had paused

there for a time. Beyond this, no single trace was visible. The graveled walk, indeed, precluded the possibility of footprints, and for all evidence existing further, the earth might have opened before the portal, inclosing the

The housekeeper, sleeping in an adjoining wing, had heard nothing; but this was not remarkable, considering the dead, thick walls which intervened. This woman, the only living soul attached to the place, was

of advanced age, and a foreigner.

The tragedy seemed to have benumbed her faculties, but she managed to give a tolerably succinct account of preceding circumstances, which threw no ray of light upon the mystery. Her dazed manner, and the haunting terror that made her start and shiver at the most trivial sound, attracted the observation of a few. There were some insidious whispers tending to inculpate her, but the manifest impossibility of such a fact scon stilled them.

There was a silent ebbing and flowing of the common tide of humanity which could not have crossed the threshold of the Grange at any other time-country peo whose curiosity led them there, while their superstitious imaginings peopled the dark old rooms with ghostly witnesses of that

sanguinary scene There was the funeral conducted with the gloomy state becoming the position of the murdered man, and the excitement attending the event gradually wore away as time elapsed, and no further facts devel-

Hugh Ellesford had lived a very secluded life. Though not tending toward misanthropy, he had kept himself resolutely from the surrounding world. He had been a rather wild youth, running into numerous excesses, but these received an early check.

Rumor said that a fair young girl, to whom he had been betrothed, had jilted him for a steadier rival, changing thus the gay lad to a grave, disappointed man. As evidence, the gossips pointed to his precipi-tate departure for distant lands, from whence he returned, after a three years' sojourn, reserved, lonely, and withal some



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With every nerve steeled to action, the young stranger sprung at the head of the maddened brute, dragging him down with all his weight.

The Grange was a great, gloomy building, ancient in style, with massive granite walls. Its founder was an English gentleman of small title, and estate so incumbered that no single generation could hope to relieve it; he had, therefore, prudently resigned all to his next of kim, and sailed for the New World there to huild me and for the New World, there to build up an in-dependent inheritance. But he had brought with him many old English customs and prejudices. In accordance with these, he had bequeathed his entire estate to his eldest son, who, in turn, disposed of it in the same manner, this third heir being the late Hugh Ellesford.

Death had come to him so unexpectedly, and so suddenly, that, had he so desired, he was given no opportunity to signify his disposition of the property. In the absence of a will, it naturally reverted to his only near relative—a younger brother.

This brother, Joseph Ellesford, beginning life with a small annual moiety, had found it necessary to strike for his niche in the world, since Fate, in denying him precedence of birth, had not already carved it for him.

He began at the lower round of the ladder, as junior clerk in a small mercantile establishment, and, though possessing no great taste for the work, devoted himself steadily to it, and rose, at a snail's pace, until he occupied a responsible position among the firm's employees. A lucky accident which revealed to him a plot between some of the light-fingered gentry to relieve the store of certain valuable goods, and their generous intentions being frustrated by his prompt interference, called forth the grati-tude of his employers, and was the means of admitting him on a social footing into their

family circles. By this time he had passed his third decade, and had come to be regarded as an incorrigible bachelor. Now, however, a new epoch opened in his life. Mr. Stratton, the senior partner, had one child, a daughter, who had been for three years a widow. widow. Young and fair, her charms soon found the "open sesame!" to Mr. Elles-ford's heart. Her little girl, then five years of age, shared his affections equally with the mother; and a few months more saw him fairly enlisted in the great army of Benedicts. He passed a few years of happy married life, and then his wife's decease left him to center all the love of his heart

upon the little Adria.

With his marriage, he was received into the firm of Stratton & Co., himself, with two small capitalists, constituting the Co. Where so many shared the profits of a limited business, it is not to be supposed that Joseph Ellesford made very rapid strides to wealth. Still, the establishment prospered, and, ten years later, being the time this story opens he enjoyed a comfortable in story opens, he enjoyed a comfortable in-

richly endowed the elder son and left himself comparatively destitute, to have been unjust. The result was a slight coolness between the two brothers, and, during the twenty years of their separated life, only a nominal intercourse had been sustained. Now, that the estate had unexpectedly reverted to him, Joseph Ellesford was in-clined to regard the circumstance as a Providential dispensation, thus recompening him for the forced loss of a natural

After an interval, during which time the excitement incident to the murder had in some wise subsided, he removed to Ellesford Grange. One of the new possessor's whims was to personally direct some alterations he wished made upon the mansion. To this end, as soon as he was actually settled, he procured workmen, and rapidly prosecuted the task of modernizing the

This had been expected of him by the country people. The Grange had been a gloomy place at best, and after the horrible tragedy enacted there, the dark rooms must have presented a trebly uninviting aspect. But the work brought to light a fact rendering the preceding mystery even more in-

A wide, pleasant room, artfully contrived in an angle connecting the main building with one wing, and not noticeable to merely superficial inspection, was thus discovered.

It was lighted only by a sky-light set in the arched ceiling. The walls were hung with heavy embossed paper, the floor covered with rich Turkey carpet. The apartment, evidently, was furnished with reference to an Oriental taste, and the gorgeous hues embraced in its appointments were blended in perfect harmony. A luxurious divan and ottomans of velvet supplied the want of chairs; a few hanging shelves con-tained a small but choice library. A dainty bul-bul stand upheld a complete array o toilet accessories. A guitar, handsomely finished, rested uncased in a corner. A side table of stained solid wood, with pendent sides, carved in a variety of grotesque fig-ures, was littered with the contents of a lady's work-box. An embrasure, separated from the room by silken curtains, contained a couch and a cedar wardrobe, the partially unclosed doors of the latter disclosing a few rich, bright robes. Every minute detail displayed the trace of a female occupant.

The detectives previously employed were recalled, and put in possession of this dis-covery. An additional sum was named covery. An additional sum was named with the already large reward for the ap-prehension of the unknown assassin, and the machinery of the secret force revolved motion beneath the new

The old housekeeper, who had removed to a hut in the vicinity, was subjected to another minute examination, but the bewil-Possessing none of his ancestors' prejudices, he always had felt the will which derment she had displayed in the first in-

stance seemed to have resulted in simple idiocy. Bribes, persuasions and threats failed to elicit information from her, and at last her questioners were satisfied that she either could not or would not give any clue

to the mystery.
"You see—she is hopelessly foolish," said Mr. Ellesford, at the conclusion of one of these fruitless visits to her cabin.

The officer accompanying him thought he detected the momentary gleam of cunning intelligence in the old woman's eyes, but subsequent tests failed to elucidate any thing further, if, indeed, even so much was

By and by, the search lost interest, but was still prosecuted in a desultory sort of way. And so five years wore away, without more noticeable incident than the endless variety of current events to mark the

CHAPTER II.

ADRIA ELLESFORD (her father's name had been Westland but she was known now only by her step-father's name,) was rapidly nearing her twentieth year. Life seemed very pleasant to her, for as yet she knew no-thing of the vicissitudes of fortune which

make strong men quail, and weaker women fade and droop before them.

Joseph Ellesford's union had been blessed with no issue, and from the first Adria was dear to him as though truly his own child. Indulged, but not spoiled, naturally imperious, though thoughtful of the welfare of others she was accustomed to having her of others, she was accustomed to having he wishes consulted in matters both of trivial

import and greater consideration. The bright morning of a long summer day mpted her out early. The Ellesford tempted her out early. The Ellesford grounds lay on a gentle slope, and the Grange was hemmed in by clumps of dark old trees, the remains of the forest occupying the domain when the founder of house pitched upon this as his abiding

It was a beautiful stretch of country in sunny Maryland, and far away the blue Chesapeake glittered, as the breeze ruffling the waves broke the reflected sun-rays into atoms of sparking light.

Adria had been enticed beyond the limit

she usually prescribed for her walks, but turned at last homeward again. Her eyes were beaming and cheeks flushed with the exercise. She was singing softly to herself, and thinking, as young ladies are apt to do, of nothing. Her scarf, a filmy white thing, was draped loosely about her shoulders, and a puff of air snatching it unexpectedly carried it high above her reach, where its fringed ends caught in the branches of a tree by the roadside.

It was an inauspicious moment for Æolus to consummate this playful act.

A horseman galloped at a furious pace up the sandy road. The great black steed reared and plunged wildly as the snowy fa-

bric fluttered on the breeze before him. Of course Adria screamed. It is not in woman's nature to be calm in the face of sudden dan-

A firm hand held the rein, and the heavily-loaded, silver-mounted whip cut relent-lessly upon the animal's flank. Twice the rider forced his horse toward the object of his fright unsuccessfully, but the third time the stinging lash and spurs driven cruelly in his flesh brought him trembling beneath the

The gentleman coolly disentangled the scarf from the branches, and dismounting returned it with courteous address. The conflict between man and beast recalled Adria's nerve. Her emotions were divided between admiration for the indomitable will which had conquered, and sympathy for the intelligent brute cowed into perfect submis-

"Poor fellow! I am sorry that I should have indirectly caused his fright, and brought upon him such a chastisement," she

"The Sultan will like me all the better for it," his master replied, patting him. "He is a little inclined to be vicious sometimes and needs discipline. For my part I can regret no circumstance brought about through the medium of such a charming ause," he added, gallantly.

Adria did not quite like the neatly-turned

compliment.
"Colonel Templeton is pleased to rank flattery among his accomplishments," she

He looked slightly surprised.
"You know me, then. May I inquire—"
"I am Miss Ellesford," Adria hastened to explain, fearing the repetition of an eulogis-

tic speech.
"Then we are quite near neighbors. I have taken re-possession at The Firs, as you

Adria knew, and said something appropriate. Colonel Templeton, throwing the rein over his arm, proceeded to walk by her side. He was a skillful conversationist and just now anxious to please. He seldom failed in accomplishing any object, and Adria was not long in recognizing and ap-

preciating his ability.

He was a spare, tall man, with features that in repose were as immovable as though cast in a mold of steel, but, played upon by cast in a mold of steet, but, played upon by varying expressions as he talked, became pleasing, even winning. His lips were thin, eyes cold gray, over-arched by accurately penciled brows, and dark hair cut close, just touched by silver sparkles. Forty, he must be, Adria thought, after carefully studying his appearance. In reality he was past fifty, but the iron will which had made him old at twenty successfully resisted the encroachat twenty successfully resisted the encroachments of Time at a half-century.

When they reached the gate leading into the Ellesford grounds, a friendly footing was established between them. "I would ask you in to luncheon," she



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said, laughingly, as she paused an instant," but perhaps you do not emulate the reguurs we keep at the Grange.'

"Half-past eleven," he commented, consulting his watch, "and I have not yet breakfasted. Mrs. Templeton will be waiting. You must call upon my wife, Miss. 'I shall be most pleased," Adria answer-

ed.

Colonel Templeton mounting rode slowly up the yellow way, with brows bent
meditatively and vision which might have
been sightless as the stone eye-balls of Destiny, for all he absorbed of surrounding objects.

"By Jove, sir! you are over-choice of your footing I think!" a familiar voice broke his reverie.

The Sultan, left to himself, had quit the high road and was stepping daintily over the graveled footpath. The colonel wheeled him into the thoroughfare again, and turned his face toward the speaker. A young man whose easy manner tainted almost of insolence, and dressed in the hight of the prevailing style. The strong resem-blance existing bespoke their relative position as father and son.

"Where are you going, Reginald?"
"Where, indeed, but to the races," "Very well! Don't bet too heavily."

"Trust me for that, sir!" They parted, pursuing opposite directions. Colonel Templeton left his horse at the stables, and went into the breakfast room where his wife awaited him.

A small, slight woman with pale hair, and a face from which seme horror seemed to have blanched every vestige of color, leaving instead a haunting shade that sought in vain a hiding-place, but trembled always in her eyes and betrayed itself in a painful-

2/-

ly-nervous manner. She greeted her husband with a pitiful attempt at a smile, and shuddered slightly as he just touched her forehead with his lips. He observed the involuntary action, and his mouth settled stern and hard, but he con-

trolled his voice to cool courtesy:
"Have you breakfasted yet, Irene?"
"Yes, with Reginald. I was not assured you would come."
"Ah, well, it is of no consequence. Pray

"Ah, well, it is of no consequence. Pray remain. I wish to consult with you on a matter of importance." The last spoken sneeringly, but Mrs. Templeton was accustomed to her husband's depreciation of woman's abilities and passed it silently.

She rung for the service, and while her husband discussed his meal in moody silence, leaned back in her chair listlessly awaiting his pleasure.

lence, leaned back in her chair listlessly awaiting his pleasure.

"I have seen Ellesford's daughter," he said, abruptly, putting down his cup.

His wife started perceptibly.

"She will call upon you in a day or two, and I desire that you cultivate an intimacy with the family."

"With the Ellesfords?" she said, huskily.

"With the Ellesfords! More than that I

"With the Ellesfords?" she said, huskily.
"With the Ellesfords! More than that, I wish you to manage that Reginald shall meet the young lady. The disobedient young dog would avoid such encounter if he imagined it was desired of him. Let him see the girl once, and he will be ready enough to seek her afterward."

Mrs. Templeton gazed at her husband imploringly. She knew him too well to attempt to hasten his disclosure, but this morning he was graciously communicative. Perhaps he knew that his words were inflict-

Perhaps he knew that his words were inflict-

"I will be candid with you. I am anxious that Reginald shall settle in life. He is a little wild, and nothing will settle him so soon as taking a wife. Miss Ellesford will please me well as my daughter-in-

and all the latent horror leaped intensified into her eyes. She crossed the room with uneven steps and laid her trembling hand on her husband's shoulder.

"For Heaven's sake, Alan, tell me that you do not mean it! You can not contemplate such a sin-you will never permit our boy to marry an Ellesford!"
"Why not?" he asked coldly. "Elles-

ford Grange is a desirable property!" His wife sunk into a chair, clasping her hands in bitter, hopeless agony. Her silent pain touched him, and he added more kind-

'After all the girl is not really an Elles ford—no drop of the blood in her veins. Only a step-daughter, I have heard, but she will inherit the property. Remember, I shall expect your co-operation."

He turned away dismissing the subject

Mrs. Templeton, with her white face almost ghastly, put out her hands in the manner of a blind person, groping her way silently from the room

Later in the day her French maid announced that madame was suffering from a nervous relapse, and had not monsieur better procure a physician?

Monsieur thought it unnecessary, but with his own hands mixed a composing draught with the soothing qualities of which he was well acquainted.

CHAPTER III.

The sun rode proudly over the hills, closthe many manufacturing towns situated in an Eastern State. The houses were ranged in methodical rows, displaying the systematic and uncomprom ising sort of order indulged in by our New England fathers.

A town where the wooden streets formed no angles but right angles, where the build ings conveyed an endless repetition of white framework and green blinds, with here and there a huge gray factory rising two stories above the common dwellings.

The very river running its course on the east side of the place detracted nothing from its regularity, and droned its murmur in an unvarying monotone as it rolled placid by within its narrow banks. In a place or two some enterprising spirits had endea-vored to mitigate the too great conformity by dropping a neutral-tinted cottage in a nook of its own apart from the regular street, but these were so stared at by the glaring white and green of the surrounding walls that they quite lost countenance be-neath the general disapprobation.

And this was Crofton. In the center of the town, rearing itself yet a story higher than any of its compeers and employing a full score more of workers, stood the factory of the Russell Brothers.

The long, narrow windows were let down from the top, and the half-screens adjusted to prevent careless eyes wandering from the duty before them. From top to bottom the whirr, and buzz, and steady clank of machinery announced that every worker was in place, and every joint of the mechanical anatomy performing its office.

A slight bustle at the entrance way which would not have been heard by unpracticed ears, and word was passed from mouth to mouth that the proprietors were coming to

mouth that the proprietors were coming to inspect the works.

Two elderly men, very fac-similes of each other from their lank bodies and straggling limbs, to their long, sharp features, and twinkling deep-set eyes drawn down at the corners with the expression accepted as denominating genuine Yankee humor, but with them settled irretrievably into the accompanying attribute, shrewdness. Down the long room where rows of women swiftly and steadily plied at the looms, taking in every detail, and listening silently to the reevery detail, and listening silently to the remarks of the foreman as he noted different

A middle-aged, respectable looking wo-man, leaving her position by a distant win-dow, crossed the room on some temporary mission, and was returning when she met face to face with the party. She stepped aside silently waiting for them to pass. A great wheel revolved close by, but she was not heeding. Her eyes were fixed with startled, intent scrutiny on the face of the young foreman. A second more, her dress had caught within the band and she was whirled aloft giving utterance to a single agonized shriek, which was echoed by every

woman there. An instant, which seemed an eternity, a wild confusion with people rushing hither and thither, crying for help, themselves incapable of action, and then the works stood still. The unfortunate woman was upheld in kindly arms, and pitying, horror-struck faces crowded around. These were impera-tively ordered back and a messenger dis-

patched for the nearest physician. The woman was severely injured and the workers said among themselves that it was only short of a miracle she had escaped with her life. It proved that her left arm was utterly crushed; there were bruises too upon her body, but these were not serious. "Who is she?" one of the proprietors

asked A tidy, comely-looking girl stepped for-

"If you please, she's a new hand and comes from the Brankley mills. They say she's a little touched here," indicating her forehead, "but a quiet sort of body and steady. She has a room in Hay's house."

Orders were given for her removal thither, and twenty minutes later the machinery was again in motion and business proceed ing quietly as though no accident had ever invaded the place.

But one person had been deeply affected by the occurrence. The young foreman had caught the woman's strange gaze fixed upon him in the same moment she was whirled upward by the wheel, and it was his prompt action that had delivered her alive. Her ghastly face as he saw it for an instant was imprinted on his memory, and haunted him throughout that day. When the factory closed for the night he went directly to Hay's house to inquire more minutely into her state.

Hay's wife, a good intentioned person, but scarcely calculated for a skillful nurse, conducted him to the patient's room. She was suffering acute pain and was slightly delirious. Looking upon her, he ob-

served that her features, though flushed and distorted, were delicate, and the uninjured hand lying upon the counterpane was slender and well-shaped though rough with common toil. Evidently her sphere had sometime been high above the life of drudg-ery she had so lately led. But she could never do so again. The doctor had an-nounced that could she escape the amputa-tion of the wounded member it would pro-

bably remain paralyzed. He sighed as he been the preferable alternative He gave a coin of some value to the woman attending her and enjoined utmost care in her treatment. After this he visited her daily, seeing that she wanted for nothing It was weeks before she was thoroughly convalescent, and meantime events were

transpiring which threatened to remove her only friend and benefactor. The Russell Brothers found themselves in urgent need of a trusty agent to communicate directly with firms throughout the country to whom they furnished Their distant interests were failing for want of personal attendance, and some tedious accounts required an energetic person to push for final settlement. Casting about

them they settled upon Kenneth Hastings, their foreman. His place could be readily supplied from experienced men in their employ. The proposition was made and a liberal commission assigned him should he accept it. He embraced the offer gladly. The position he occupied was not one he would have voluntarily sought; but from boyhood he had found employment in the factory, and had gradually risen to the highest post. This pretext would afford him relaxation and an

opportunity he had never yet possessed of seeing the world. Utterly alone he had no

tie that could bind him to Crofton. He had but a single regret. The invalid with the Hay people had grown to watch for his coming and took a degree of com-fort in his simple presence which nothing else afforded. She was called Nelly Kent, and the townspeople considered her crazed though harmless; but there were times when Hastings considered this a harmless imposition practiced to secure her from the coarse curiosity of those about her. He had found her intelligent and refined, and a warm sympathy for her lonely condition directed his friendship toward her. She possessed a small amount of money, enough to secure her from present want, but he knew his departure would leave a void in

her daily life. His preparations were necessarily hurried, and he did not find time to visit her until the evening previous to to his depar-

She was sitting by the open window with the far-off look in her eyes which was com-monly regarded as the vacant look of insan-She welcomed him quietly, and he at tempted to find some indirect means of imparting his news, but she anticipated

You are going to leave Crofton, they

He assented, adding, "The pleasantest remembrance I shall carry with me will be the moments passed here. You have taught me how I might have felt toward

my mother whom I never knew."
Her eyes for a moment held the startled look they had held in his remembrance once before. She spoke presently.

"I too, am going away from Crofton. I have at least one faithful friend in this wide world, and I shall go to her."

She held toward him a letter, soiled and

son of notes satisfied her. This discovery produced a change in his plans. He deferred his journey for a day, and when he went Nelly Kent traveled under his protection.

When arrived at the point where their routes separated, she insisted upon completing the distance alone. So they parted with mutual regret—the reputedly crazed, particularly control of the control of t tection. tially helpless woman, and the young, hopeful man. Parted, thinking that they would probably never meet again.

Old Juana, housekeeper to the late Hugh Ellesford, sat alone in her humble cabin. It was gathering twilight without, and a handful of sticks on the hearth sending forth a flickering blaze and an uncertain light within.

The old woman was rocking herself to and fro, and chanting a monotonous plaint in a foreign tongue.

There was a step on the walk without; a figure appeared in the open doorway, but she heeded it not.

"Juana!" The old woman started up and with a joyful cry welcomed the comer. Sinking at her feet she sobbed forth a prayer of thanksgiving.
"My poor, faithful Juana! Your heart has never failed me."

CHAPTER IV. AUTUMN had come and was using his magic wand to glorify the landscape. The dusty green, surviving August's fervid heat, was merging into the prismal tints of red and orange, with endless variety of inter-mediate shades.

They were breakfasting at the Grange

when the postman delivered his daily budget. Adria dealt out the letters as was her custom. Two yellow business-looking envelopes, and another which she scanned curiously. A square, creamy wrapping initialed V. W., and superscribed in a sloping fem-

inine hand.
"Who can this be from, papa? What lady correspondent dare you have, I should ike to know?"
Mr. Ellesford, already absorbed in a p

of commercial note, glanced indifferently at the dainty missive and put it aside until his other communications were examined. One

of these gave him apparent appropriate.

"Banks says things are not going smoothly as they should," he observed. "The man has let his head take leave of him, I should think. He seems to have no definite idea of where the fault lies, and supposes it will turn out all right, but thinks it will be well for me to personally look into the matter. I may be obliged to go to the city for a day or two. Confound the business! there's enough of them to attend to it, I should think."

Mr. Ellesford was a man loving his own ease, and long absence from the details of trade, had rendered him disinclined to cope with its fluctuations ever so briefly.

Adria sympathized with her father's aunoyance, but hastened to recall his attention

o the object occupying her thoughts. "I'm all curiosity, papa. Do open your

other letter."
"Woman's ruling weakness which needs
"To give you a course

of discipline, I'll not touch it." "Now, papa! You are cruel."
"But you shall read it to me," he con-

cluded. "Cruelly teasing," added Adria, with a laugh, as her deft fingers stripped the envelope. Womanlike she first read the signa-Never heard of her," he declared.

"Perhaps the letter may explain." thus incited Adria read: " To Joseph Ellesford, of Ellesford Grange:

"I present to you a few plain facts, and claim at your hands the bounty which I consider my right.
"I am a lineal descendant of the Ellesfords, my mother being the only child of Godfrey, who had the misfortune to be born third son of Hubert Ellesford, founder of the Grange. From this you will perceive that Fate awarded me to that branch of the family forfeiting possession of the patriarchal estates: an unwise allotment if we were predestined to submit always tamely to an imported and unreasonable whim.

"Two years ago I was thrown wholly upon

my own resources. Since then I have tried variety of genteel employments, and am thoroughly disgusted with the idea of earning my own subsistence. An unoccupied existence, with plenty of luxuries, at command, is much

nore in unison with my tastes.
"What I desire is a home in your house, and a small share of the emoluments our mutual ancestor left behind him." If you fear my Ellesford pride may suffer by receiving these in form which the world might consider charity you can designate to me some nominal position n your household, providing it embraces no ar-luous duties and a liberal salary. "Your reply shall determine in what degree

I am yours truly, VALERIA WALTON."

The address was added in a post-scrip tum, together with a request for an immedi the conclusion of this decidedly ori-

ginal missive Adria awaited her father's 'Truly, a self-possessed and complacent young lady," he declared. "I wonder if she would not like the deeds of the Ellesford homestead delivered into her hands?"
"Papa," said Adria," I think she is right.

You have no greater moral claim to the estate than she possesses."

"What would you have me do?" he asked, a little testily. "Carve the property into ed, a little testily. "Carve the property into sections, and give a part to every vagabond who sets up claim to be a descendant of Hubert Ellesford?"

'At least extend to Miss Walton the privilege she asks—give her a home."
"But, my daughter, consider. She may be disagreeable or unfitted for your daily as-

"Then invite her here for a given time that you may decide of her capacity, temper and character

After some discussion Mr. Ellesford agreed to this course. Adria herself wrote a cor-dial invitation and dispatched it in the same day's mail.

Toward sunset she strolled out in the direction of the bay, and during her walk en-countered Reginald Templeton. A neigh-borly sociability now existed between the two families. Adria had embraced an early

blurred, written in a straggling hand and interspersed with foreign phrases, the meaning of which he could not gather. It seemed to him to be the entreaty of an inferior for the pleasure of devoting her service to a much loved mistress. But one line he comprehended clearly. It was dated Calvert county, Maryland.

"It is but little out of my direct route," he exclaimed in surprise.

She had not known this, but a comparison of notes satisfied her. This discovery produced a change in his plans. He deferred his journey for a day, and when he went Nelly Kent traveled under his producing man's principal characteristics, and

young man's principal characteristics, and which actuated him alike for good or ill, as temporary circumstances inclined, he had

speedily yielded up to her the dominion of his affections.

Joining her, as has been said, he timed his pace to suit her steps, and engaged in a desultory conversation. He prosecuted his wooing as he did any enterprise to which he put his hand, with a persistent energy which seldom failed to accomplish its object. He studied his resources as a careful General studied his resources as a careful General would plan for a siege, and this very renconter was the result of mature deliberation.

Adria taking in his physique as defined in the rosy light streaming in from the bay, acknowledged the attractiveness of his manly perfection. Truly, Reginald Templeton had no cause to complain of the gifts Nature had lavished upon him.

In figure, stalwart and tall, with features symmetrical, but removed from all charge of effeminacy. Eyes, clear gray, which could grow dark and luminous with tender expression, and lips firmly chiseled, but with a slightly sensuous curve. His hair, waved and leonine, fell quite to his neck. Altogether he was of that type of manhood which few women can withstand, and no one was better aware of his personal endowments than Reginald

Templeton himself.
With unlimited confidence in his own powers, he had not once doubted the termination of his wooing, and planned this meeting for the sole purpose of declaring his pas-

Skillfully directing the conversation, he took advantage of an opportunity it presented, and, ere Adria had suspected his drift, told her in a few, forcible words of his love, and pleaded for some token of reciprocat-

She was surprised and grieved. She had thought of him only as a friend, one growing near to her through common chords of sympathy. Too precipitate action will sometimes mar the completion of a plot, and in the same manner this unexpected confession broke upon her ere any glamour of sion broke upon her ere any glamour of love had sufficed to blind the eyes of her

judgment.
No true woman can listen without pain to an avowal of affection from a man whom she is not prepared to regard with returning favor; and so Adria shrunk before his words as though every one contained a hid-

'Adria, my love! will you not answer She turned her face to him imploringly,

speaking in rapid tones:

"Mr. Templeton, oh, please do not urge
me! I esteem you—regard you as a valued friend, but I have been totally unprepared for this. Believe me, I would have spared you this pain had it been within my pow-

"Adria, give me but one word of assurance that my love is not hopeless and I will be content. I do not ask a decision now, no promise or bond; only tell me that no other

man claims precedence in your heart."

"Of that I can give you full assurance.
No man exacts from me a higher meed than I hold in my friendship for you."

"Then I shall win you yet, my peerless Adria!" With his dark eyes glowing full upon her, and his face illumined with passionate tenderness, she felt the force of his words and was thrilled by them. Handsome and manly, why should he not prove himself the empty. bodiment of her maiden ideal? The pros-

pect was not displeasing.

But, she knew only the better part of his nature. Could she have seen beneath that comely exterior to the deficiences of moral principles it inclosed; or had she su the reckless excesses in which he had buried his soul's purity, she would have shrunk from him as from deadly venom.

She could not see and she did not know. Therefore, she did not gainsay the words hich his exultant tones seemed to transform into a prediction.

Twilight was gathering as they retraced their path. A young man habited in a simple dark suit, which might have been worn by a person of almost any degree, was stand-ing irresolute by the roadway. He stepped orward and courteously accosted them. Before he had time to make known his

wishes, there came a clatter of hoofs along the turnpike. A huge black horse, saddled, but riderless, with eyeballs flaming and white froth flecking from his mouth, rose through the gathering gloom, plunging and

striking viciously at objects as he passed.

Adria shricked wildly, and young Templeton threw his arm about her with a vague impulse of protection. The animal was bearing full upon them; another instant and his pitiless hoofs would crush them to the earth. Involuntarily they bowed their heads to the coming blow. The young stranger saw their imminent

peril. Scarcely a second could elapse from the knowledge of their danger until it should reach them, but that brief space was suffi-cent. With every nerve steeled to action, he sprung at the head of the maddened brute, dragging him down with all his

might.

Recalled to his senses by the interposition, Reginald hastily drew Adria beyond reach of danger, and went to the assistance of their deliverer. The horse checked in his headlong career was soon thoroughly subdued. Reginald and Adria both recognized in him the Sultan.

The young man who had rendered them such providential aid endeavored to evade their expressions of gratitude.

"I am seeking a place called Ellesford Grange," he said, and they noticed that his voice came gaspingly. "Can you direct me thit has?" me thither ?

Almost while he was speaking he turned white to the lips, and sunk fainting upon the ground.

(To be continued.)

In learning a new thing there should be as little as possible proposed to the mind at once, and that being understood and fully mastered, proceed then to the next adjoining part, yet unknown.

MEMORIES OF THE OLD TIME. Song-by Jos. P. MORAN Pm thinking of the old time with feelings of regretFor memories of old time do thrill my bosom yet,
And bygone seenes do still retain a place within my
licart.
For memories of old time from me can ne'er depart;
They're playing o'er my heart-strings a melancholy tune—
A melody of old time when life was in its bloom.
I'm thinking of the old time—sweet hours of love
and hiss!
When sporting on a mother's knee and claimed her
tender kiss.
A loving father's warm embrace I always shared
with glee—

with glee—
Those memories of old time are always dear to me,
And ever o'er my heart-strings they play a
mournful tune—
A melody of old time when life was in its bloom. I'm thinking of the old time, of those bright days

gone by,
When my young heart went forth in love and knew
of naught but joy:
A handsome face and manly form is still before my,
gaze—
Such memories of old time tell me of happier days;
And sadly o'er my heart-strings they play a loving tune—
A melody of old time when life was in its bloom. But death has taken them from me-those friends I loved so dear,
And sorrow fills the bosom now where joy's light
burned so clear;
Yet those sweet thoughts of old time I cherish in my

heart.

For memories of old time from me can ne'er depart!

And always o'er my heart-strings they'll play that mournful tune—

That melody of old time when life was in its bloom.

OLD GRIZZLY,

The Bear-Tamer: WILD HUNTRESS OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

BY CAPT. J. F. C. ADAMS, AUTHOR OF "THE PHANTOM PRINCESS: OR, NED HAZEL, THE BOY TRAPPER," "THE BLACKFOOT QUEEN; OR, OLD NICK WHIFFLES IN THE VALLEY OF DEATH," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

THE WILD HUNTRESS OF THE HILLS. LEAVING the bear-tamer and his com-panion carefully threading their way back to the covert in the hills, after the departure of Leaping Elk, we must return to the spot upon the mountain where the combat with

the panther had taken place.

It will be remembered that the mysterious woman, the Wild Huntress, as she was called, had disappeared somewhere within the rocks, having gone in search of a stimulant for the wounded man, and that, while about the notion had recovered, and left the sent, the patient had recovered, and left the place by means of the trail that led down the mountain's side.

It was perhaps ten minutes after her disappearance before the woman reappeared, and this she did with the same abruptness

which had marked her previous actions.
Without warning, or sound of any kind, she seemed to step right out of the rocky wall, and, with a quick motion, advanced to where she had left the wounded man lying beside the dead panther.

The brute was there, but the man was gone, leaving behind not the faintest cue as to which route he had taken!

to which route he had taken!
With a frightened stare, the woman

glanced round, instinctively, falling back a few paces toward the unseen entrance, as though she feared a sudden attack, or, perhaps, a fatal shot from a hidden foe. Her first and most natural conclusion was, that the Blackfeet had followed, dis-

covered the wounded man and horne him off to the village. If such was indeed the case, nothing was more probable than that one or more of the savages would remain in ambush near by with a view to discover her whereabouts.

As the woman stood, with one foot slightly advanced, in such position as would enable her to spring back at a moment's warning, her hands partially raised, her lips slightly parted in expectancy, and her wild, restless eyes roving over the surround ing scene, she presented a most striking and singular appearance.

She was rather above than below the medium hight. Her form well developed and rounded, by constant exercise amid the bracing mountain breezes, was erect and graceful. Her face, which had once been eminently beautiful, was now cold and stern, with here and there lines that told of either

great mental suffering or else more than or-dinary physical hardship.

But, the most remarkable feature, and one that would attract instant attention, was the large, full gray eye, which, as we have intimated, was wild, and to a certain de-gree, unsettled or wandering in its gaze, occasionally lighting up with that peculiar glare we sometimes see in those who are possessed by incipient insanity, and again clouding over with the burden of a great

Her dress, half-civilized, half-savage, consisted of a closely-fitting bodice of some dark-colored cloth, with a narrow skirt that barely reached her ankles. Upon her small, shapely feet were embroidered mocca-sins, while at her waist, suspended by a broad strap of buck-skin gayly fringed, was the bullet-pouch and powder-horn such as are used by the hunters of these regions. In a belt, also of buck-skin, that encircled her waist, was thrust the short, keen blade that had been wielded with such deadly effect in the panther fight. Upon her head was a light, bead-embroidered cap, from beneath which her dark hair flowed far down over

Such was the Wild Huntress of the hills, a mysterious personage, who, for a number of years, had been seen by the Indian tribes scouring across the great prairies, or breast ing the mountain steeps upon her white steed, with the great brown bear lumbering by his side.

None knew whence she came or where she went. Her home was somewhere amid the fastnesses of the mountain chain, and no Indian warrior had ever been found brave or reckless enough to attempt to fol-

low her trail. Over the untutored and superstitious minds of the savages she wielded the most powerful influence, that arising from fear, and, as we have seen, it was only on the greatest provocation that they ever dared

lift their hands against her.

Having thoroughly satisfied herself that
the wounded man she had left but a few moments previous in an unconscious state, had disappeared, she turned about, and approaching the face of the cliff, passed round a small, projecting ledge, and entered a narrow crack or chasm that led back into the

solid rock. This passage she pursued for some little distance, perhaps thirty or forty feet, at the termination of which the chasm suddenly





widened into a room of considerable extent. This, however, was merely the ante-cham-ber to another and still larger apartment be-

This second room was evidently the abid-

ing-place of the huntress.
Scattered about were various articles of comfort, even luxury for these parts: a cot in one corner, upon which were spread a number of bear and buffalo skins; a rude stand upon which were lying a large book, a pair of scissors, and one or two other feminine implements, and a light rifle standing against the wall, completed the furni-

Off to the right, in a niche of considerable extent, in fact almost another room, stood the White Steed, ready saddled and bridled, while at his feet lay the brown bear, apparently in a profound slumber.

Muttering to herself the strange woman busied herself about the place, gathering together several articles, among which was a piece of dried venison. This she placed in kind of haversack which she hung over her shoulders.

She was evidently preparing for a journey, and was on the point of leading the white horse out, when suddenly she changed her resolution, left the animal in his stall, and walking to the bed threw herself upon it, and was soon buried in sleep.

When she awakened the light that came in through a large opening beneath a shelving rock above, had given place to the gloom of twilight, which in turn was fast passing into the deeper darkness of night it-

With an exclamation of surprise, or impatience at having overslept herself, the huntress sprung from the couch, and, hastily catching up her rifle, took the bridle of the white steed in hand and led him through the chasm into the open air. The brown bear closely followed; and, as she paused upon the platform without, he thrust his cold muzzle into her hand and uttered a low whine.

Yes, Brownie. We are off for the lowlands again," she said, while gently stroking his huge head.

"It is very strange that the wounded hunter should have left so abruptly," she murmured, as she stood gazing off to the northward where the Indian village lay, her arm thrown over the white steed's neck in a caressing attitude. "How strange the resemblance in that still, pale face to one that I so loved in other years, and have mourned so long! I know it can not be he," she continued, wearily passing her hand across her brow, but I felt my heart go out to this stranger, with an impulse I could not re-strain. Is it possible that the Blackfeet ould have discovered this place and carried him off while I was absent? Hardly; and yet, what can have become of him, for surely he was not able to go away of his own accord. But, I must away. He can not be far hence, and if his foot has touched these rocks, Brownie will soon find the trail. She now spoke to the bear, and taking him to the spot where the murdered man

had laid, she made him seent the rocks round about for several minutes. The intelligent brute appeared to comprehend her wishes, and after nosing about for a while, he suddenly moved slowly off on the trail that we have seen the Avenger de-

"The bear has it!" exclaimed the huntress, as she rapidly mounted and rode after the brute, which was still progressing, muz-

Their progress was necessarily slow, not while traveling the downward path, but after striking the lower level, the trail was broken in several places by small streams of water that crossed it at right angles. In more than one of these the hunter seemed to have waded short distances, up or down their beds, and at each, the bear was forced to search the further bank until the scent was recovered.

While thus engaged the moon rose, and shed her soft rays over the broad bosom of

The bear steadily pressed forward on the trail, losing it again and again, and as often recovering it with remarkable sagacity. In this way more than an hour was after the moon rose, and the Wild Huntress found that she was approaching a belt of timber, which the reader will recognize as that which lay in front of the bear-tamer's camp. Upon the outer verge of the strip of forest, the dumb guide halted, raised himself upon his hind legs, and uttered a low

Here we will leave them for a moment, and return to Old Grizzly and the Red Avenger from whom we parted as they were making their way from the interview with

Without difficulty or danger of discovery, the two crossed the open country and at length halted beneath the shadow of a dense grove not far from Old Grizzly's home

Here a long and earnest council of war The news that Alfred Badger was to suffer death at the expiration of three days unless a substitute could be found in whose tortures the rage of the Blackfeet would be satiated, moved the rugged nature of the

old bear-tamer to the very bottom. He entertained not the slightest idea of permitting the young man to die, not if he nimself had to become the substitute, but he did not intend to resort to so desperate a measure until every other possible plan of release had been exhausted. In this determination he was heartily seconded by his companion, who, feeling that he was in some degree the cause of the young man's situation, and further, having earned to admire the character of the bluff

would fight to the death for Alfred's re-It was of this they talked, laying plans by which to be guided on the morrow when their measures were to be put into active

old bear-tamer, determined that he too

Whar' now?" asked the bear-tamer, as his friend turned to depart. "Thar's plen-ty uv room in my ranch fur two on us, an what's more, that's a grist uv cow buffler thet can't be beat nohow."

'You see, I am without a rifle. I have one, and a good one, secreted not a great way off, and I must go to fetch it. I have also at the same cache a complete Blackfoot

"Bring it along! bring it along to a sar-tinty!" exclaimed Old Grizzly, eagerly. ""The the best thing yur could a-lif onto

"Well, then, I must be off. Look for mabout daylight, and have Blinker muzzled," said the man, turning away and striking off through the timber in a northerly direction. For some moments the bear-tamer stood gazing after the retreating figure.

"Durn my ole moccasins ef he ain't a "Durn my ole moccasins ef he ain't a trump, ennyhow, an' he'll help me a power in—hulloo! what ther blazes ar' this hyar a-comin' now? Another one uv them'er' mysterous mysteries. Swamp me fur a digger Injin ef it ain't that 'ar gal as snaked ther feller outen the fire! She ar' a quare 'un an' no mistake, an' though I hain't no curiosity, not the least bit in the world, yet, dang me, but I would like to know what she ar' cayortin' about their kentry this time o' ar' cavortin' about their kentry this time o' night fur, Faggots an' flints—hyar she comes straight, plum center fur whar I'm astandin'. An' thar's that b'ar a-leadin' uwher! He ar' a beauty, and I'd like ter add him to my colleckshun, es the feller sez, but I reckin she wouldn't—yur don't say so!" he abruptly exclained, as the bear sighted him and raised on his hind feet after the manner of bears. "You be dod durned; a-puttin' on sech a'rs es thet. I've got a notion to—no—I haint, fur hyar's the gal," and the old fellow, with instinctive gallantry, shook himself up in his buck-skins, and smoothed down as best he might the tangled masses of his long hair. "Call off the b'ar, ga—miss, I means!" ar' cavortin' about their kentry this time o

"Call off the b'ar, ga—miss, I means!" said Old Grizzly, as the Wild Huntress rode up close to where he stood. "I hain't afeard on 'em much, but you see the b'ar mont git hurt."

Down, Brownie!" was the quick command, and the obedient animal was as do-

cile as a lamb. "He ar' a good 'un, ga—miss, I means, but Lordy! you oughter see Samson in thar'," and he pointed over his shoulder to-

"Yes, yes," interrupted the woman, impatiently, "I came not here to talk of bears! Who are you?"

bears! Who are you?"

The manner was abrupt, and voice singularly stern for a woman. It evidently took the old bear-tamer aback.

"Who ar' I? Wal, I dunno but what it 'll take sum leetle time to satisfy your cur'osity on thet subjeck. I persume yur hev got y'ur share uv thet. Weemin mostly hev." There was plainly a streak of humor in the gruff old trapper's composition. The strange woman's manner had riled him a litstrange woman's manner had *riled* him a little and brought it to the surface.
"I am searching for a hunter. He has no

rifle; no weapons save his knife. His gar-ments are rent, and he wears no covering on his head. Tell me, hunter, have you seen him?" This change of tactics upon the part of the woman, produced a corresponding change in the manner of the bear-

Now y'u'r' talkin'," he said. "Y'u'r' lookin' fur thet feller, ar' yur?"
"I am," was the reply, a little impatient-

"Yes, I see! Yur say he hain't no rifle?"
"Nothing but his knife. The Blackfeet have his rifle."

"Jess so. Now yur see I hain't no cur-osity, but I would like to know what yur want uv him," said Old Grizzly, with apparent earnestness.

"This is trifling!" exclaimed the woman, sharply. "Will you tell me plainly whether or not you have seen the hunter?"
"Wal, now, I jess hev. He war hyer not

more'n awhile sence."
"Which way went he? Tell me, that I may follow!" exclaimed the White Huntress, eagerly.,
"War the b'ar a-trailin' uy him?" asked

Old Grizzly, pointing to the beast, and speaking deliberately. He led me hither."

"Yes. He led me hither."
"Wal, now yur kin do better'n follerin'
the stranger. He's gone off across the kentry to git a rifle an' fixin's as he left in cache,
an' yur'll hev a hard tramp to ketch him.
He ar' to return hyar in the mornin', an yur likes yur kin jess wait fur him."
"Where shall I rest for the night?" she

asked, glancing around.
"Ef yur ain't skeart uy b'ars. I hev inside a kind uv ranche as 'll suit fust rate. I'm agoin' to stand watch out hyar, enny how till mornin', fur I thinks the Blackfeet ar out skirmidging arter him as they calls the Red Avenger. Yur kin hev the place all toy'ur-

You are very kind," replied the Hunts. "I am weary, and will accept your r. You say he will return in the mornress.

Sartin, ga-miss, I means," said Old Griz-'We hey been on the scout to look arter a boyee uv mine, as the Blackfeet hev grupped, an' to-morrer we ar' to try it

Is he a captive in the Indian village?" asked the woman, eagerly, "He ar' nothin' else, an' I'm durned sorry

to hey to say it.' How learned you this?" again questioned the woman. In a few words the bear-tamer informed er of all that had passed at the rock by the Falling Waters, including the message sent by Silver Tongue, as well as what the In-

dian lad had said in regard to the daughter of Big Hand. While relating this part of the interview, Old Grizzly observed that his singular visitor was intensely excited, frequently interrupting him with broken exclamations, and

at one time by a series of hysterical sobs that shook her from head to foot. "Brought from the Snow Mountains of the north!" she exclaimed, repeating the trapper's words, when he had finished: "it's not from the mountains of the north!" she sobbed, "but torn from her mother's bosom by the fiends, after they had ruthlessly murdered her father and all save one who were with him!" And then, without a moment's warning, or speaking a word as to her intentions, she suddenly gathered up the reins, gave the white steed a furious cut with the heavy switch she held, and was away like a flash through the dense timber, waving her hand above her head, as though in part-

CHAPTER XII.

LOVE IN THE WIGWAM,

BIG HAND, the great chief of the Blackfeet of the North-west, was a ruler of Roman sternness and rigor. He governed with an iron hand, the signification of his name not being that of the physical size of that member, but of its figurative grasp and

Daring bravery, skill in the hunt and bat tle, and administrative ability are virtues which always command the respect of barbarians, and so it was that he held his power stronger than ever when the heat and snow of half a century had failed to how

is frame and subdue his lion spirit. It was an unusual concession for him when he gave the Young Eagle three days' grace. His policy would have dictated the slaying of the captive, and the bending of every energy to the capture and execution friendship for Iron Heel dictated the course adopted, and it was in reality a concession to the same qualities that so eminently distinguished himself.

The lodge of Big Hand was of great size, and furnished with all the gaudy profusion so characteristic of an Indian chief, many of the ornaments having heep control from

the ornaments having been captured from wandering hunters and emigrants, and some of them were of the most valuable

The only inmate of the lodge besides himself was his adopted daughter, Silver Tongue, whose wonderful beauty and many fascinations had enchained the affections of

many a young, and many a scarred warrior.

She had accompanied her father—for so she considered him—on many of his expeditions, and had been seen by hunters and trappers, so that the name of Silver Tongue was frequently heard at the forts and sta-tions in the west, and always with a certain respect and admiration, rarely awakened by

the mention of an Indian maiden.

It was late at night when the chief returned to his lodge, the interior of whose largest apartment was illuminated by a blazing torch of pine. He strode into it, with something of the natural majesty of a forest king,

thing of the natural majesty of a forest king, and, pausing for a moment, looked about for his daughter, Silver Tongue.

He was not kept long in waiting, but, instead of bounding forth as was her wont to meet him, with ringing laughter and loving embrace, she walked forward slowly, and with a sad, downcast face.

"Does a cloud rest on the light of my heart?" inquired the chief, in dismay.

heart?" inquired the chief, in dismay.
"The sun shines no more for Silver Tongue; all is night to her."

The conversation of father and daughter was of this figurative character, and we shall, therefore, take the liberty of making a very liberal translation for our readers.
Enfolding the now weeping maiden in his muscular arms, Big Hand pressed her to him, and fondly kissing her forehead, asked the cause of all this grief.

An adopted Blackfoot has been placed in the Strong Lodge and his life is in dan-

The chief started; how had Silver Tongue learned of this? And why was she so anxious regarding him?

'He is placed there but for a short time,' he replied, still hoping that she had not

"And then he is to be led forth to suffer death in place of one who is guilty."

"Who told you all this?" asked the amazed chief, who could scarcely understand how the tidings had reached her so soon. He did not know that the almost breathless Leaping Elk had lain in wait for his father, and then dashed with all speed to Silver Tongue, having left but a few inutes before.

Big Hand saw that his daughter had learned the truth, and, in her present anxiously-nervous state, the utmost that he could hope to do was to quiet her fears; so he spoke in

"That is until we can capture Warrama and then we shall set him free again."
"Suppose you do not secure Warrama? Pe-toh-pee-kiss is to suffer in his

stead

"Oh! but we are going to catch the enemy of our race, and put him to the tor-"But you had him once and he escaped;

he may know enough to keep out of your "He can not; for the Blackfeet warriors

will strive as they never strove before to se-This was only begging the question, and Silver Tongue pressed her father to a direct answer, and he gave it:

"Failing to capture Warrama, then the Young Eagle takes his place; it has been so decreed in council, and Big Hand pronounces the decree just.' Silver Tongue sunk on her knees, and,

giving way to her grief, prayed:
"Spare, oh, spare him! do not let the innocent suffer—" The chief lifted her to her feet, and spoke

"You forget that you are the daughter of a chief; I am grieved at your conduct, and I want no more to do with you, till you are urself again.

And, although every nerve of his being yearned toward his beloved child, yet he turned and walked away, like the Roman parent, that he might teach her the lesson of justice before mercy. Silver Tongue remained silent a minute

after the departure of Big Hand, and then she roused herself, with something like the energy and stern will of her parent, from whom she had in reality learned not a little

of her strong, heroic character.

"He loves me—he loves me, "but he can never forget that he is chief of the Black-

She was hardly disappointed in the recep-tion her red father had given her, but young, and ardently loving as she was, she was not

yet prepared to despair.

"I must see him," she added to herself, and she sat in deep thought; "he is in the strong lodge, but they will not refuse admission to Silver Tongue, and maybe there is some way in which he can be re-

This was the thought which fired her now and infused such energy in her system. Un-til this day she knew nothing of the deep affection she now entertained for Young Eagle. She had seen and loved him from the first moment when, like a tiger at bay, he was wielding the tomahawk amid the crowd of enraged savages. It was simply a

case of love at first sight. 'I love him," she added, blushing at the confession to herself, "and he has seen it. He has been but a short time here, but long enough for our eyes to meet and under-stand each other. I will go to him and see whether Leaping Elk and I can not rescue

This was a characteristic determination of the young princess, and very naturally she acted it out at once.

She always moved without restraint, and now passed from the lodge without question, only glancing around to see that Big Hand was not watching her, and walked

away through the village.

The "strong lodge" was a building that had been erected by the Blackfeet warriors for the express purpose of holding prisoners and desperate characters. It was of a different character from the "death lodge". ferent character from the "death lo which, the readers of "The Phantom Prinmay remember, held only those who had been irrevocably sentenced to death As the fate of Young Eagle was not to be decided, for nearly three days, he was not

The strong lodge well deserved its name of the Avenger also; but his respect and for it was made in the most substantial

manner, with poles and sticks driven into the earth, and skins, bark and stones ar-ranged in quite an artistic fashion. The ar-rangement of the interior was certainly unique and ingenious.

It consisted of five rooms or apartments four of which were irregular in shape, while the fifth was circular, and was in the center of the others, communicating with each, so that it was impossible to reach this central apartment without passing through the

In this focus, as it were, of the vigilance of the Indians, their prisoner was placed until his fate was decreed, while in each of surrounding rooms was a guard night and day.

Besides this the captive was bound during

the night, his limbs being fastened at the ankles and elbows, so that, had a knife been placed in his hands, he would not have been able to help himself in the least. During the daytime his limbs were un-trammeled, and he was at liberty to move about; but, from this it will be seen that he was placed under a most unremitting vigilance; and young and naturally sanguine, as was Alfred Badger, he had not a gleam of hope of escaping from the strong lodge, without the consent of his captors.

It was in this ledge that the Avoncer had

It was in this lodge that the Avenger had been placed, and in which he used his ut-most skill to leave, but without a particle of success; so that, our readers will under-stand how dark were the prospects of the young captive, who had so many friends enlisted in his favor.

It was late at night when Silver Tongue reached the strong lodge, and entered one of the doors. As she expected, she found a couple of Blackfeet sentinels seated upon

They looked up with no little surprise as she entered, but they recognized her on the instant, and scarcely could have treated Big Hand himself with greater awe and respect

One of the Indians was a distinguished warrior, and a worshiper of the beautiful maiden "from afar," and he sprung to his feet and waited to hear her commands.

"I have come to speak to Pee-toh-pee-

kiss," said she, in a haughty, imperious man-The Indian felt that he was doing scarcely right in admitting her, and yet he could not refuse; so he silently pointed to the door of the central apartment, as a direc-

tion for her. In each of the rooms, a sickly, smoking torch was burning, dimly illuminating the interior, so that the maiden could see every thing about her. With a rapidly throbbing heart, Silver Tongue walked across the ground of the first "room," and timidly paused at the entrance of the prison of the one whom she loved with such a deep,

Alfred had heard the words that had been spoken, as he lay upon his couch of skins, and he roused up to a sitting position, just

as she appeared at the door.

His heart bounded as he saw her, for her wonderful beauty had awakened a responsive emotion in his breast, and during the lonely moments that he had spent in the strong lodge, he had thought not a little of the lovely creature he had seen in the

Like many of the Blackfeet, the maiden spoke the English tongue quite readily, her father having learned it many years before at the different trading posts, and he took especial delight in teaching it to her.

The Indian is proverbially a stoical being, but not always so, as for instance, when ociated together in their own families. We have seen that Silver Tongue, who had acquired all the habits of those among whom she had so long dwelt, gave way to her emotion when in the presence of her supposed father, the chief, Big Hand; but now, when her feelings were stirred to their profoundest depths, she stood calmly regarding the captive, evincing no undue excite-

ment or sympathy.
"I have come," she said, approaching the prisoner's side, and speaking in a low tone, "to tell Pe-toh-pee-kiss that I am sorry that my father has placed him here."

"And I am deeply grateful for your kind-ness in coming," replied the young hunter. "I had begun to think that there was no friend to a captive like me in all the village, but I see that I was mistaken. Are you not daughter of the great chief? him who holds my life in his hand."
"I am," was the reply, and then, as

though referring to the assertion of the cap-tive that he had no friends, she said: Leaping Elk is your friend. "Yes. A noble youth he is too," replied the young man, enthusiastically. "He has

wice communicated with me, and I love him like a brother." Has the Young Eagle words that he would like to have spoken in the ears of his friend, the Man of the Bears?" asked the maiden, who was evidently becoming much

embarrassed under the passionate gaze of the young hunter. When my ears are listening to the sweet sound of Silver Tongue's voice, I care not to think of aught else," responded Alfred,

earnestly.

The girl blushed deeply, and her large, dark eyes lit up with a gleam of pleasure.
"But, the Young Eagle is in danger," she replied. "The Man of the Bears is a great

warrior, and he is the friend of Pe-toh-pee-He must be told.' "Is Silver Tongue sorry for the Young Eagle?" asked the hunter, again avoiding the subject of relief, and clinging to that nearest his heart. Silver Tongue has wept on her knees

before her father that Pe-toh-pee-kiss might be spared," was the innocent answer. "Then I care not what comes!" exclaimed the young man, enthusiastically. "The Young Eagle has looked into the dark eyes of Silver Tongue; he has heard the sweet words she has spoken, and now—" but the words were drowned in a tumult of sounds,

that suddenly arose from without, indicat

ing that something of an unusual nature had With an exclamation of affright, Silver Tongue bounded toward the door, raused, looked around, and, as if obeying an im-pulse that could not be controlled, she stepped quickly back to the captive's side, stooped, and imprinting a light kiss upon his forehead, was gone like a flash of light. (To be continued—Commenced in No. 82.)

EVERY man's understanding and reuirements-how great and expensive soever they may be—are made up from the contributions of his friends and companions. It is from these perpetual rills of knowledge that you refresh yourself and become strong and healthy as you are.

LINES FOR AN ALBUM.

TO A. M. O.

Where'er you may dwell May content be your lot, With Friendship like ivy

Enriching your cot.

May each rosy morn,
Decked in mantle of peace,
Shed health o'er your dwelling,
Your blessings increase.
May your honest endeavors
Be crowned with success;
May your eyer he hopey.

May you ever be happy,

Ne'er witness distress. On your peaceful abode

May all blessings descend, Is the wish of your most Affectionate friend.

Sporting Scenes.

The winter was more than usually severe among the mountains on the north waters of the Susquehanna. The snow fell early in the month of December, so that winter might be said to have set in pretty decidedly some time before Christmas. I had been on a visit for a few weeks in the vicinity of S. L.; but had accepted an invitation to meet a party of my own country people, at the residence of my kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. T—, on the last day in December, with an understanding that we were "to dance in the new year." The distance I had to travel was but six miles; yet the road—if a dim track through the woods might be so called—was at all seasons bad; might be so caned—was at an seasons bad; now the snow was so deep that it was rendered still worse, so that it took a considerable time to get through it. At that season of the year the wolves occasionally infest the neighborhood; and although at all seasons depredations are liable to be committed user the small decks of shear in the sons depredations are hable to be committed upon the small flocks of sheep in the vicinity, yet it is in winter, when they pack and hunt together, that the greatest danger is to be apprehended. The day previous to my proposed visit, a party of thirteen (for their numbers were easily ascertained by their teachs in the great state of the state their tracks in the snow) had issued from their haunts in the adjoining forest, and had destroyed nearly fifty sheep belonging to the gentleman with whom I was sojourning. Although they had probably sucked the blood of the chief part of the sheep they had killed, they of course had not been able to devour the carcasses of more than a fourth part, it looked as if they had shough fourth part; it looked as if they had slaugh-tered them through sheer wantonness. My invitation to my friends' was to dine at two o'clock; for it is not customary to keep to the extremes of fashion in the backwoods. It, however, for some reason or other, saw fit to defer going until evening, when, as my road lay close along the edge of the swamp the wolves were known to inhabit, I stood a good chance of being serenaded by their wild and melancholy howlings, and probably might arouse some of them from their lairs. My friends pressed me to travel by daylight, but I kept my determination; and just as the shades of evening were closing in, I desired my horse to be got ready; and when the boy brought him saddled to the door, he called my attention to the howling of the wolves, which could be dis-tinctly heard in the exact direction of the road I had to travel, although the noise seemed to proceed from a swamp at a couple of miles' distance. Being prepared with a stout cudgel in lieu of a riding-whip, I mounted my horse and set forward, already beginning to repent of having delayed my journey until so late an h the time I had passed the scene of carnage of the preceding day, and was about to enter the dark and almost trackless woods, daylight had totally disappeared, and nothing remained for me but to pursue my

steep descent, where the water from an adjoining spring had overflowed the snow, which was consequently formed into a continued sheet of ice, all the way down the declivity. My horse being smooth-shod, I deemed it safer to walk; therefore, dismounting and taking the bridle in my hand, I endeavored to lead the way down the slippery path. Before, however, I had got half-way to the bottom, away slid both my feet, and down I came. My horse was so startled at the suddenness of my fall that he made a spring to one side of the track, lost his footing, and came down close beside me. But in the spring he made when I fell, from my hand being fast in the bridle, I was jerked back some distance up the hill with such force that, when I recovered a little from the shock, I felt fully persuaded that my shoulder was dislocated. We both, however, gathered ourselves up as well as we were able; and there we stood, in no condition to protect ourselves from the wolves, should they see fit to attack us; for from the way in which my horse stood, I was afraid that he had suffered still more damage than myself. When the pain of my shoulder had somewhat subsided, I examined it more minutely, and convinced myself that it was not dislocated; but the severe wrench had injured it so much that I had no hope of making use of that arm during the remainder of my ride. And as regarded my horse, I was pleased to find that he still possessed the use of his four legs, although one of them moved with less ease than it had done before. Having con-trived to get to the bottom of the descent, I again mounted, with extreme difficulty—for I could only use my left hand—in which I had to grasp both the bridle and my war-club. Had the wolves attacked us. we should have been in considerable danger; for I found, on proceeding, that one of my horse's forelegs was severely sprained; but either they were not aware of our condition, or they were in no need of a supper; for, on getting beyond the confines of the swamp, I aroused several of them from their quiet hiding-places; and instead of stopping to scrutinize me and my horse, away they ran through the thick underwood, while I hallooed with all my might, giving every tree within the reach of my club a good left-handed blow or two. In this manner I continued along the dim and unbroken track, feigning to be a very hero -although I candidly confess that I only recollect one or two instances in my whole life when I felt so thoroughly intimidated. Afterward, I could not help thinking that I had only received the reward of my folly —for I had sprained my own shoulder severely-injured my horse's leg-disappoint ed myself of the pleasant society of my friends for a few hours—and all this for the

credit of being able to boast of having dared to ride past the "wolf swamp" after night fall, when it was known that thirteen ray-

enous wolves were inhabiting it.

way, and make the best of it.

I had not proceeded far ere I came to a



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EF All communications, subscriptions, and letters on business should be addressed to READLE AMD COMPANY, PUBLISHERS, 98, WILLIAM SR., NEW YORK.

Our Arm-Chair.

A Query Answered .- A lady correspon dent signing herself "An Anxious Mother," says:

"I have two daughters to educate, one fourteen and one fifteen years of age. They ought to go to some good school where manners and morals are a matter of some consideration. Can you suggest for

We can "suggest" a great many good schools, but would not like to assume the responsibility of directing. We are only too fully aware that a grand defect in our educational systems and institutions is the indifference to the moral nature of the students. We educate the head and leave the heart to take care of itself. One chief reason why the Roman Catholic close schools or "Convents" are so well patronized, is because there the anxious parent knows the moral influence is admirable. As a rule the most pretentious and expensive schools are worthless in proportion to their charges. Some of the very worst schools in the East, morally and intellectually are in this city. They take only a limited number of pupils and charge twice or thrice the prices of other and far better instructors. These high-priced and exclusive schools are-

Boy-Smokers.-A young friend, who has just learned to smoke, asks us what harm there is in it. A great deal, dear boy—a very great deal of harm, moral and physical, to say nothing of its expensiveness. Morally it leads to other vices; it makes you gravitate toward fast companions and barrooms; it makes you offensive to ladies; it sets a bad example. Phy sically it is a slow but a sure road to diseased lungs, heart and nerves. A French physician who investigated the effect of smoking on thirty-eight boys, between the ages of nine and fifteen, who were addicted to the habit found that twenty-seven presented distinct symptoms of nicotine poison. In twenty-two there were serious disorders of the circulation, indigestion, duliness of intellect, and a marked appetite for strong drinks; in three there was heart affection; in eight decided deterioration of blood; in twelve there was frequent epistaxis; ten had disturbed sleep, and four had ulceration of the mucous membrane of the mouth.

So you see, dear Robbie, what the drug and n may do for you! Oh, be wise in time, and let the tobacco leaf never soil your lips!

Editorial Politeness.—A contributor

"It is so sweet to find our simple efforts not altoyou my grateful thanks. If all editors, who sit in the high places on your side of the mountains, had been so kind, I should have been saved some deeply-hurt feelings, once or twice."

We regret to say that there are editors whose treatment of authors is unnecessarily harsh. In an experience of over twenty-five years, as editor and writer for the press, we have encountered not one dozen persons whose views of the proper treatment of contributors correspond with our own. We believe in treating all at least courteously; and, as far as possible, in helping on the aspirant. This seems to us but fair treatment; it is duty; and if some editors are crusty and impolite it is simply their publishers' fault-he ought to compet them to courtesy and justice to contributors.

What "the Masses" Want.-A publisher of a spirited and neat weekly in Ohio,

"I think the SATURDAY JOURNAL one of the best papers published in New York. I receive almost all of them but none come up to it in sparkling contents and pleasing variety of matter.

It is a successful paper indeed which pleases editors and readers alike. We think the SA-TURDAY JOURNAL has pretty effectually disproved the old idea that what is most widely popular is of inferior literary merit. We demand the best that well-qualified authors can produce, and the public applauds, showing that "the masses" are keen judges of what is good. The critic or editor who treats this judgment of the masses with indifference or contempt is illy qualified for his office.

A Crying Sin.-We find this paragraph in

"The wife of a U.S. senator, and daughter of a distinguished Judge, has lately purchased six and a half yards of lace in Paris, for which she paid \$8,000. This lace was offered to the late Empress of the French, and to Queen Victoria, but was refused as too expensive for them to wear.'

Whereupon an American lady comes forward and carries off the prize,' says the chron-

Carries off the prize in folly and extravagance, setting an example for other fools to imitate to their ruin.

We daily hear of wardrobes that cost tens of thousands of dollars; and each modification or change of styles is based upon the principle of greater cost.

We daily read of robbery in high places-of corruption in officers of trust, and of the growing greed of gain in our midst.

Dishonesty and want of private virtue are simple elements in the problem of extravagance and vain show. When you see one you may know for a certainty that the other is its shadow.

To the pure all things are pure. To the honest all things are honest. But the pure and honest shrink from the extravagance of "shoddy" and pretense as

PEPPER SAUCE.

THERE is one result of the "Woman Question" that is highly amusing to a quiet observer with acute risibilities.

In old times, when there were no female editors or lecturers, the gentlemen had things mostly their own way; they filled their columns with items concerning the terrible follies and vices of the fair sex, and the printer's "last line" generally consisted of some witty (?) remark of a mystical old bachelor of a crusty nature, about woman's "jaw." The crusty old bachelor was—and is still—a standing institution; but, since the advent of the "Woman Question," the traditional "jaw" of woman is of some practical use, and there is, now and then, some remarks concerning the follies of the some remarks concerning the follies of the

From the rostrum and newspaper they find themselves assailed, and the consequence is a nervous commotion in the masculine ranks. If it were possible for the number of compliments to woman, in the way of insinuations concerning her love of a new bonnet, her jealousy, her vanity, her weakmindedness and looseness of tongue, to increase, I should think such items were increasing, as I counted seven in a column of "Items of Interest" this morning; but the bitterness of spirit felt has other and more amusing manifestations.

The editors and minor powers behind the throne of newspapers in general, and certain ones in particular, give vent to their nettlesome feelings by sundry remarks about the "monster man," "masculine beast," "trowsered hyena," etc., and one reporter, who evidently has a very uncom-fortable flea in his ear, speaks of his sex as "the excrescence on the face of nature,

commonly denominated man." Now, all this is immensely amusing to me—which is, no doubt, proof of my sin and iniquity; but, really, it does me considerable good to see that the men—"hard-shelled" as they are—are not quite shot

I have got so dreadfully tired of reading about the "crusty old bachelor" (the authors show their penetration by having it a bachelor, for no man who had a wife to civilize him would be so heathenish, unless he was like the Feejees—totally depraved, and unsusceptible of Christian regenera-tion); about the bravery required to enable man to live with a woman; about her terrible vanity and extravagance, etc., etc., that I don't know but I am a little wicked. If I am, the men are wholly to blame for it. (I trust I may be pardoned for trying to shift the responsibility, considering that you, gentlemen, have long since learned, by experience, that the temptation to do so is For instance: If a man contract a habit of guzzling strong drink, it is because his wife's scolding propensities drove him to it. If he fails in business, it is because of his wife's extravagance. Fifteen-cent cigars, etc., had nothing to do

Throughout all newspaper ages this itemizing has been practiced, and it is really re-freshing to read two paragraphs running in this wise, the one following the other:

"To smother a young lady in happiness, give her two canary birds, a dozen yards of oright silk, a moonlight walk with beau, an ice cream, a bouquet, and the promise of a new bennet."

"Woman was Heaven's last best gift to man. In prosperity she is his helpmeet and guide, the tender, gentle presence that makes his home a paradise; in sickness she is the ministering angel; and in poverty and sor-row she is the brave, strong helper that sympathizes with all his troubles, and up-holds him in the hour of trial, when his less strong spirit, under the trials that bend him, would faint by the way."

This is only a trifling sample of the way in which the sentiment is piled up; but its peculiar style is rather against its popu-

Woman was not created for any purpose, except as a gift to man. She is his comforter, his help, his guide, and his all-and all his! The men are the human familythe women are merely the accessories. brilliant masculine eloquently observes that "Woman is the most faithful companion of

"The most faithful!" How grand the sentiment! How lofty the conception! Horses and dogs-especially the latter-are very faithful companions of man: but, among all his devoted friends, woman is

the "most faithful!" Ahem! One spicy writer of the day declares that if any thing will make her a convert to the doctrine of Woman's Rights, in its broadest, ugliest and completest sense, it is the shallow, pretended opposition to it so often met with;" but a stronger argument, to me, in its favor, is the idea lurking in so many masculine minds that woman is, morally and intellectually, inferior to man.

That is exasperating in the last degree! LETTIE ARTLEY IRONS.

THE MAIN OBJECT.

IT strikes me, as a positive fact, that if we were more prone to stick to one thing in this life, we'd be ten times as successful as we are now. If we only have perseverance, so also will we have good fortune at last. We must always keep the real object in view, and cling to it. We may get discouraged at times, but a firm will conquers many obstacles. We leave the substance to hunt after shadows.

We rise in the morning with an idea that we will write a story; of course it is going to be our very best, and we get half through with it, when some one interrupts us, or we get tired of our work. The con-sequence is, the plot is forgotten, or what was commenced for pleasure becomes a task to finish, and we wonder how the editor could be so cruel as to decline it. We get mad, have an idea that we were not cut out for an author, and go at something else. We find one occupation too tiresome, and we endeavor to combine a great many to-gether, until we become a sort of "Jack at

all trades Now, I don't believe in these " Jack at all because they make too much botching at their work. I'd rather have a person stick to one thing, and do that well, than to brag of how many things they are capable of performing, and finding no finish to one

I'd advise every one to learn some sort of a trade, and then you'll have something to fall back upon in time of need. Don't say, "a trade is low." It isn't; and a person must be low to say such a thing. could we get our houses built, our rooms furnished, locks made to keep out the thieves, if the workmen did not learn their

with his hands, as well as I do the literary man who gains his living by his pen. If you say I'm wrong I'll cut your acquaint-

You don't mean to say, my dear Eve, that you'd treat the woman who makes your dresses with the same respect you would the Hon. Mrs.Soandso?"

Yes, I would; and why not? Aren't they both my sisters? If they're honest and virtuous, why should I make a distinction? Does it make Mrs. Soandso any more honorable or honorable on account of having "Hon." to her name, or does it make my dressmaker less so because she does not possess such a "handle?" They both have got a sphere of life to fill, and if they fill it well, what's the difference? As to cringing to the weal-thy, and patronizing the poor, I shan't do it. It don't run in the Lawless blood, and I am not going to be the one to disgrace my family.

But, I'll tell you what'll alter my opinion—a pretty hard thing to do, by the way, if Grandma Lawless is right. It is this: If Mrs. Soandso goes to work making her own dresses to save expense, and my dressmaker tries to carry on airs and graces, and act as if it was a favor for her to cut my garments, then I'll give in and believe that they're both

hum-hum insects. So now!

Brother Tom thinks I don't mean what I say, and when I tell him I do, he says I am mean enough for any thing, and all because I won't show him how to write a love-let-I won't show him how to write a love-letter! I might give him a few that were sent to me recently. I'd like to oblige Tom, because he told Charley I'd be home the other evening; but I was striving to get off a few essays, and I believe in doing one thing at a time, don't you?

But, that Brother Tom of mine will continue to pester me, like a fly in August, by wondering if I refer to courting in my remarks, and after I've tried to drive him away by throwing my silk pen-winer at

away by throwing my silk pen-wiper at him, I tell him, "Yes, I believe a man ought to get through courting one girl, and get the mitten, before he commences to court another." There, now, you hateful, aggravating Tom, what do you think of that? Isn't that the way to crush your brothers' foolish remarks, girls? It's as well to get in practice, because, you know, we may have somebody else's brother given to our care, one of these days, and we'll provoke them so they'll have to stop our mouths-with a kiss; that's our main ob-EVE LAWLESS.

CHILLS.

Dro you ever have a chill, oh, patient reader of mine? Were you ever frozen with cold, scorched with fever, racked with pain, tortured with headache for long, weary hours, until you lost energy, appetite and spirits, and felt and looked like the ghost of yourself?

If not, then, oh, my blessed friend, thank your lucky stars and be happy, for you have escaped one of the most aggravating ills which mortal flesh is heir to.

And if you have, then let a fellow-sufferer extend you her most earnest sympathy—misery loves company, you know—and we'll have a jolly time being miserable to-

A certain terrible disease we all know of has been likened very often to snakes; lately I read a sketch by a fanciful writer who likened a fever to a tiger, which approached you slowly at first and then overthrew you with a sudden and fatal spring.

I think the ague may be thus likened to a cat—not considered at all dangerous, a

thing one does not feel afraid to trifle and play with, but who has sharp, treacherous claws concealed beneath her velvet fur, and who sometimes, when you have her lying quiet and cosy in your very lap, will suddenly stretch out those deadly claws and inflict a sharp wound.
"Oh, it's nothing but a chill; I can easily

break that," I used to say. And resorting forthwith to some remedy which should prevent a return of the enemy, would feel pretty well, and fall to making plans and carrying out intentions like other folks. Many and many a morning I have risen with some pet scheme in my head for the day's disposal, and gone merrily to work,

feeling as bright and well as anybody.
But alas! "man proposes" (or w or woman either) and every day we see that the "disposing" is in other hands than ours. After a while would come that insidious feeling of lassitude and languor, which is the first warning of the enemy—then, as it increased, the tormenting aches and pains, which once experienced are well remembered, and then the exclamation, which soon became patent to the whole household: "Oh, dear, I'm

going to have a chill!" Oh, my dear reader! Indiana is a nice place, it's a good place—its acres are broad and fertile, its hills are sunny, its valleys are green and shady. Its people have hearts as big as their barns, and barns bigger than their churches—though there are plenty of churches, and big ones at that, and plenty of good men to preach in them But its air, alas, is impregnated with the deadly miasma of chills-and-fever, and so, oh my dear friend, don't come to Indiana

and get the ague! Stay where you are, in a blessed latitude where "shakes" are unknown, and quinine is unneeded, and where, if you must be sick, you can have a downright, sensible spell of fever or pleurisy or influenza, or, in short, any thing and every thing but the MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

OUR MOTHER.

ROUND the idea of one's mother the mind of a man clings with fond affection. It is the first thought stamped upon our infant hearts when yet soft and capable of receiving the most profound impressions, and the after-feelings of the world are more or less light in comparison. Even in our old age we look back to that feeling as the sweetest we have through life. Our passions and our willfulness may lead us far from the object of our filial love; we learn even to pain her heart, to oppose her wishes to violate her commands; we may become wild, headstrong, and angry at her counsels and opposition; but, when death has stilled her monitory voice, and nothing but still memory remains to recapitulate her virtues and good deeds, affection, like a flower beaten to the ground by a past storm, raises up her head and smiles among her tears. Round that idea, as we have said, the mind clings with fond affection; and even when the early period of our loss forces memory to be silent, fancy takes the place of remembrance, and twines the image of our dead parent with a garland of graces and virtues, trades? I honor a workman who labors which we doubt not she possessed.

Foolscap Papers.

Our Fair.

THE Clamville Fair will be opened next week with a needle and will run as long and as much as it wants to.

Arrangements have been made with the weather clerk to have clear weather while it lasts. A special police force will be on hand to

promptly arrest any persons who are being imposed upon, and to prevent agents from selling worm lozenges to unsuspecting couples from the country.

Babes in arms, and old maids in arms—

their beaus'-not admitted unless they can show a marriage certificate.

No falling in love at first sight allowed

on the grounds, as several accidents of that kind happened last year which resulted in matrimony and misery.

People are not permitted to grumble if there is more earth in the air than under foot—we mean dust—their garments must be shaken at the gate, so they will carry none of it off.

If anybody's corns are trod on in the floral halls they are not allowed to shriek out and startle nervous people.

At this exhibition no signs of disgust are allowed to be exhibited at its mana-

People climbing over the fence are earnestly requested to break their necks.

No steam boilers allowed on the grounds unless they have been inspected and sus-

Pickpockets are requested to ply their trade so as not to disturb the people.

Every thing will be done to have every thing perfect, and no one will be allowed to go away displeased—they will be kept from

All small families of thirteen children and upward are requested to come, as the real resources of our country must be

To please the people every article will be presented with a red card.

In rolling fat pigs in, people are requested to get out of the way.

People exhibiting large pumpkins are requested to tell what they fed them on, still-slop or corn, and whose "what I know about to." they reed

about, etc.," they read.
Owing to the overwhelming rush of ap-

plicants last year there will be no premiums given for the best expositor of other peo-ple's business, the biggest fool, the deadest beat, the best-looking man or the biggest

The president will drive a six-in-hand, attached to a threshing machine, around the track at ten o'clock each day.

A four-in-hand attached to a plow will run to and from the fair grounds for the conveyage of passengers.

conveyance of passengers. The president will exhibit his celebrated span of hogs, Romeo and Juliet, which he raised entirely on the bottle. He would raised entirely on the bottle. He would feed them one day and starve them the next to give them a streak of fat and a streak of lean. They have the largest streak of lean, for they lean against the fence to stand up. Their sides resemble washboards, and the family uses them for that purpose. They belong to the sparerib breed, and afford the utmost facilities for the study of anatomy to the enthusiastic. the study of anatomy to the enthusiastic student, and show how extremely easy a hog can be raised—you can raise both with one hand. They should be looked at to be

The following is a partial list of premiums:

Best two-horse toothpick, - \$2 00 Best reputation—the owner's word taken for it, Best pair of ditto, for hotel use, Best (cigar) stump-puller, -Best spring wagon, - Best spring chicken, -5 00 Best yoke of fleas-domestic, -Best harrow, with teeth inserted on Best yoke of fleas, Best appetite—home-made, -1 00 Best corn-crusher (boot), -Best bose, unhandled, 1 00 Best stationary rocking-chair, -2 00 Best farm bell-es for wringing clothes, 25 Best brick machine, bottle whisky, 5 00 Best thoroughbred four-year-old spinning-jenny,
Best long-eared imported boot-jack,
Best four-year-old suckling pig of Best cloth coat of paint, -5 00 Worst fitting shirt, Best darned socks, Prettiest girl, on application to the President, a kiss valued at Best bull cow, -Best one-horse mule, Best long-horned muley cat, Best six-year-old calf, 5 00 Best six years old yearlings, Worst husband, a kick worth

Best portable stone quarry, -Best stove-in hat, Best horse shoeing, Best fly shooing, Best ivory-mounted, six-octave, double-distilled post hole, Best newspaper printed on a three-cylinder clothes press, Best Singer sowing machine for grass Best gloriously tight tub, Best two-horse pocket-book, Strongest pound of nine months old butter. Finest cabbage head, combed, Nicest winter apples, 1 00 Largest Adam's apples, 10 00 ourest pickled pairs, married, Best raspberry wine made out of old 2 00 rasps, -Best soda and Chinese crackers for the table, Best paper horse collar,

Best horse-power tuning-fork.

Loudest baby, a spanking worth Best display of bran flour corn meal, and other articles of fashionable millinery, The oldest hen—landlords not allow-10 00 ed to compete, Best portrait in coal oil, Best looking, industrious, uncomplaining wife, Articles exhibited for premiums become

the property of the President. Three-card monte, chuckaluck, ball game etc., will be carried on for the amusement of our truly rural friends who think they

can see just where it is themselves The Fair will wind up on the last day, with a race between a running account and

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN, President.

Readers and Contributors.

To Correspondents and Authors.—No MSS, received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS, preserved for future orders.—Unavailable MSS, promptly returned only where stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return.—Book MS, postage is two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, but must be marked Book Ms, and be sealed in wrappers with open end, in order to pass the mails at "Book rates?"—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MS."—MSS, which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS. as "copy;" third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit we slaways prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, tearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its follo or page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS, unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

Will find place for the following sketches, essays, stories, poems, etc.: "Addie's Handkerchief Holder;" "Tom Dickson's Boy's Last Fight;" "Caught in the Act;" "Vashti;" "Wanted, Lodgings;" "The Guardian Tree;" "What Constitutes a Gentleman;" "Amid the Roses;" "The Teamster's Story."

Story."

We shall not be able to find room for tales, sketches, poems, etc., as follows: "The Crazy Colonel;" "The Mask Face;" "Outwitted;" "Five Minutes too Late;" "Flirting by Proxy;" "The Garnet Cross;" "Circumstantial Evidence;" Death at the Bridal;" "Christ Stilling the Tempest;" three Prairie Tales by D. C. S.; "Step by Step."

Again we say—pay your postage in full. Packages come in every day marked, "Due 3c.;" "due 6c.," etc. We are not patient with such delin-

T. H. W. We return the sketch. It is hardly the thing for a popular paper. We thank you much for your good opinion of the SATURDAY JOURNAL. your good opinion of the Saturday Journal.

J. B. H. There is, we think, a core for all passionate natures. Such must be taught self-control. The flow of tears is not to be restricted, for it acts as a safety-valve for the intense storm in the heart. The essay referred to appeared in the preceding issue, its publication having been delayed on account of its too great length.

JNO. F. H., St. Louis. The romance, "The Dead Secret," is Wilkie Collins' best work. It is published by three or four houses in this country. If F. A. Brady published a story of that name it must have been by some other author than Collins.

NEWSDEALER. We certainly have no objection to story (serial) which has for its hero a colored boy

or man.

Carrie Beach. The poem is promising, but rather too young for our pages. It would read well in some Sunday-school journal. All we can say is persevere and be patient if you wish to become a writer for the press.

G. K. R. Your case is frying-pan and fire. Our advice is to drop both girls—giving neither any show of favor. One or both will soon tire of so inattentive a lover.

L. O. T. We are governed in our prices to authors solely by merit of the production and its value in attracting readers. There is no "regular price" in our mode of doing business.

J. K. Polk, Jr., is hardly yet qualified to write for he press. His two contributions do not "pass nuster."

Boy Crown. Send your collection of stamps to any good book-dealer and he will dispose of them for you.

for you,

J. W. C. It is not proper for a gentleman to salute a lady with whom he has no acquaintance unless she first bows. Then it would be very rude not to bow or tip the hat in return. No stranger should presume to bow to a lady, for that implies acquaintanceship—which, to the lady, might prove distasterial. In all cases where the acquaintance is slight the gentleman should wait for the lady to first recognize.

Jas. R. We do not care to tell you the cost of the fine serial, "Hand, Not Heart." That is all be-tween author and publisher. Glad that we please you so much. ROSE THORNE. The name of the story is only such a coincidence as often occurs. The paper referred to, we believe, never returns rejected MSS.

Louis H., Texas. The new New York Post Office is to be built by the United States Government. The city of New York has nothing to do with it.

A.K.C. The best time for students to study is when they are fresh and attentive—in the morning; but, if knowledge can not be obtained other than by night study, then study by night.—Pittsburg is by no means the greatest iron and coal mart in the world. It is the greatest in the United States.

EARNEST. Any good druggist will make you an ointment that will remove pimples from the face if they are not caused by certain bad practices. they are not caused by certain bad practices.

BADGER. Your complaint reminds us of the man who once tried to run a hotel on the dishes that he liked. As he liked pork and beans he served them on his table at every meal, and was quite astonished when all his guests left. As we publish a paper to suit all tastes we must give great variety of matter. Ringwood is a favorite with an immense audience of readers.

M. D. C. Mr. Aiken will play in Cleveland, Nov. 20-21st.—The story of San Francisco life will appear in due time.—The "Ice Fiend" (Dime Novel) is the same story once advertised in these columns.—Your opinion of the Saturday Journal is that of thousands of others who are casting aside other papers for it.

NED DRAKE. We fear there is no cure for the redness of the face. Try carbolic acid and gly-STUDIO, The Cooper Institute Classes are open to all.

to all.

HERVEY C. C. is rather critical. He writes: "Why is it that the homely women always dress in a way to make their homeliness more noticeable? I have observed that, as a rule, a woman with a big nose, retreating chin, high cheek bones and rat's eyes, is sure to dress her head in a jaunty pretense of a hat and waterfall as big as a bushel of oats," etc., etc. Hervey has simply pointed at a weakness, pardonable enough, since it harms no one. If homely women don't want to tone down their unattractive features it is their own business, surely. Of course it would be better, on the score of good taste, not to make what is homely, too noticeable.

We frequently receive, along with MSS., such re-

would be better, on the score of good taste, not to make what is homely, too noticeable.

We frequently receive, along with MSS., such requests as the following in a note before us: "I wish you would give me your opinion of it in your 'Answers to Correspondents,' whether it is accepted or not. I wish your opinion in regard to style and merit of composition and also in regard to style and merit of composition and also in regard to fitness of MS." Usually no attention is given to such requests. We are not public teachers. If an editor assumed to direct all beginners in the literary harness he would indeed have his hands full. To break in young colts were an easy job, compared to it. If in this case, for instance, we were to read the MS. and then sit down to "point out its defects and merits," it would consume at least one hour's time. How many of the dozens of manuscripts on our table awaiting attention would receive attention if our time was thus absorbed? No; we can not give "opinions;" nor write to authors individually why MSS. are not available. A return by no means implies a want of merit or fitness in the composition; it only means that we can not use it.

GEOMETRICIAN suggests that we propound matheratical was the suggests

GEOMETRICIAN suggests that we can not use it.

GEOMETRICIAN suggests that we propound mathematical questions and geometric problems, and give their solution by our correspondents. A very good suggestion but impractical with a popular paper, which must confine itself to catering for the many, not for the few. Comparatively few readers would be interested in such a department, which would be more proper in some of our Educational publications, or the staid and serious monthlies.

would be more proper in some of our Educational publications, or the staid and serious monthlies.

CLIFTON writes: "I have been keeping company with a young lady for some time. She suits my tastes and I am sure that she would make an excellent wife; but I am only nineteen years old and circumstances forbid me to think of marriage for some years. Now am I doing wrong in trifling (if such you choose to call it) with her, and would it not be better for us to stop where we are? I do not believe in long engagements." You are doing very wrong in trifling with the affections of the young lady. You are much too young to think of marrying at present. Talk the matter over with the young lady frankly. Don't let her and the world think that you are seeking her for the purpose of making her your wife. Perhaps you are keeping away some other nice young man. Think what a terrible thing it would be, if she should lose a good husband just through you. Don't sail under false colors any longer. Come out manfully and let the young lady know just what your attentions mean. Your handwriting is good. In regard to going West, we should not advise by ou for the west is overrun with clerks and professional men. What they need out there is farmers and mechanics. We can not advise in regard to the State.

NORMA asks: "Who composed the first opera, also, when and where was it produced?" The first composer who set an opera to music was Francesco Barbarini, an Italian artist; and the piece to which he gave the garb of harmony was, "The Conversion of St. Paul." It was brought out in Rome in 1460.

**The Tones were decided and well appear next week.

Thanswered questions on hand will appear next week.



from a leprosy.



THE DEWDROP AND TEAR.

BY MALCOLM TAYLOR, JR.

Fell from Aurora's coronet
A diamond of dew,
As she her tresses, wavy wet,
Back from her bright brow threw,
Alighting on a lily leaf
Where, for her lover dead,
A maiden, in her lonely grief,
A pearly tear had shed.

When had the dazzling disk rose higher,
And each had caught one beam,
The liquid jewel reflected fire,
The pearl sad, pale did seem.
Up spoke the dewdrop, luster proud:
"How dare nigh me appear
Thou paltry bunble of the shroud?"
Naught said the modest tear.

The dewdrop in its glitter great,
To shame the wild tear strove,
And mocked, with sparkling sheen elate,
Its humble light of love,
Till Zephyr came, with wanton wing,
And brushed the dewdrop down,
But bore the gem from sorrow's spring
To heaven's immortal crown.

In the Wilderness.

VII.-THE BUCK AT BAY.

As the sun peeped up behind the trees to the east the party were afoot, ready for deer-hunting again. Old Ben, as usual, took the lead, and away they go through the deep forest, heavy with dew, heading for the openings which are the haunt of the deer. Old Ben is joking Viator about the spill of the night before, which the hunter takes good naturedly, joining in the laugh against him-self. The forest becomes more open now and the grass is green, a heavenly pasture for the deer. Ben is instructing the student in whom his fatherly interest continues, in regard to the course he must pursue in this kind of hunting. After a six-mile walk, Viator is stationed on the edge of a great opening, where a tempest has been at work felling the trees in great heaps, their branch es intertwined in inextricable confusion. Be tween the heaps the grass grows green, and here the game is to be roused. Three hundred yards further on Scribbler takes his stand, and the guide and his young friend go on together a short distance, and reach a point of the woods which runs far out into the "deadening," as these places are

"You stand ready now, my boy," said Ben. "I want you to beat them chaps, and I've given you the best place on the dead-ening. I don't keer so much about Viator, but you must beat that book-writin' feller,

I'll do my best," replied the student. "Be stiddy, whatever you do. Remember that your mark is about three inches behind the fore-shoulder, and if you miss with one barrel, try the other."

The weapon which the student carried in this hunt was a peculiar one, now but

seldom used. The stock was not more than eight inches long, and the barrels were placed one above the other, instead of side by side, and one lock was upon the side of the gun instead of below. Ben was the the gun instead of below. Ben was the owner of this queer weapon, and spoke well for its efficiency. The student took his station and waited, and the guide went on alone. Half an hour passed, during which the old hunter was making the circuit of the deadening, getting into position for a drive at the deer. The young men, more or less impatiently, waited for his movements, which they knew would be well timed. He had but one dog with him, a deer-hound of had but one dog with him, a deer-hound of his own raising, which was trained to per-fection, and seemed to know by instinct which way to drive the deer.

All at once the cry of the hound rose, clear and full upon the morning air. What music to the ears of the hunter! Every man sprung to his feet, and, with his gun thrown forward and foot advanced, waited for the coming of the game. Viator, the old sportsman, heard the beat of coming hoofs, and a herd of five deer, two bucks and three does, bounded from the thicket, and rushed past his place of concealment. The gun sprung to his shoulder, as if by clockwork, a stream of fire leaped out, and the second buck leaped into the air and struck upon his head with a crash. Scribbler was next, Scribbler, who would have given a year of his life to have killed the great buck in advance. But the fates were against him. As he took a forward step, his foot became entangled in a creeping vine, and he measured his length upon th earth. Before he could regain his feet the rout swept by, the deer giving magnificent leaps, the long antlers of the buck towering above the rest, heading for the point of woods in which the student had taken his stand. He was trembling with excitement but nerved himself by a mighty effort. The deer swerved a little from their course to round the point, and the long deer-gun covered the leader.

The buck trembled through all his frame, and came down upon his knees, and in that position the student gave him the other barrel, and the monarch of the forest sunk barrel, and the monarch of the forest sunk lower still, the blood dripping from his brown side. The student, mad with the hunter's fire, sprung out knife in hand to administer the coup, forgetting the admonitions he had received from the guide, and knowing but little of the power of the deer when actually brought to bay. At the sight of the hunter the antiered buck sprung to his feet and rushed at him furiously, his to his feet, and rushed at him furiously, his eyes blazing with rage. To turn was death, and to face the mad brute was the only chance, and the young student sprung to one side and made a cut at the neck of his antagonist. The blade alighted upon the bony part just back of the horns and flew out of his hands, and he stood defenseless before the enraged animal.

There was only one way. Springing forward with a shout, he grasped the strong antlers with both hands, and a desperate trial of strength commenced.

The young man knew that his only hope lay in keeping his hold until aid came, and setting his teeth hard, he planted his feet firmly, and endeavored to force the buck backward. The sharp front feet of the animal struck him once or twice, cutting his flesh like a knife, and the snorts of the infuriated beast sounded through the forest. If the man should loose his hold, and go down, there was little hope for him. Once he staggered, but recovered himself by a mighty effort. Should he be able to hold out until the coming of his friends? He heard their shouts and the wild baying of the dog, but he knew that his strength was failing, while that of the deer seemed to increase with each effort.

Bespattered by the blood of the animal. with clothing torn into shreds, his teeth set, and widely dilated eyes, the young man

strove for life. He could hear the patter of the dog's feet, and the deer heard them too, and made a last mighty rush, and the stu dent went down, still clinging to the ant-lers, and forcing the head of his antagonist so closely to him that he could make no use of the spikes. But those terrible hoofs were busy, and the student was about to give up in despair, when, with a deep-mouthed bay the dog sprung into view and launched himself at the throat of the buck. The struggling hunter released his hold and fell back, and the buck turned upon his new antagonist. In an instant the dog was flying through the air, hurled to a distance of ten feet by those terrible antlers. He was up again in a moment but moved slowly, evi-dently in pain, but with the tenacity of his race sprung again at the throat of the buck. It would have fared badly with the gallant hound, but at this moment old Ben arrived upon the scene, gun in hand. Woe to the deer when his unfailing eyes looked through the double sights. The gun cracked, and the buck fell in a quivering heap, upon the

spot where he was struck.

Ben, in his rough way, was a doctor for the woods, and he knew the virtues of the various herbs which abound there. The careless hunter was conveyed to an outly ing hut, and in two or three days was able to take the field again, and do his work nobly to the end of the hunt. But he had learned a lesson, never to face a wounded buck, armed only with a knife.

Three weeks after they left the hunting-grounds and struck out for the clearings, laden with many trophies, and proud of their deeds. And every year when the hunting season comes, they are out in the woods with old Ben at their head.

Celia's Misfortune.

BY MARY REED CROWELL

A GREATER contrast can not well be imagined than that which existed between the two women who occupied the shady windows of the Leffington farm-house that hot, breathless June afternoon.

At the window nearest the angle of the

large, semi-darkened parlor, Miss Celia Lef-fington, heiress of the estate, was sitting, vainly trying to coax a No. 10 needle through a fine, thick piece of unshrunk cambric, while the perspiration stood in huge drops across her swarthy forehead and

upper lip.

She was not a positively hideous woman, by any means; in fact, at times, and in certain dresses, Celia Leffington looked well, despite her muddy skin and small, diagonally act cray gree

set gray eyes. But, this afternoon, the heat was bring But, this afternoon, the neat was bringing out all that was coarse and ugly about her; even her only available dress—the others yet in the ironing basket—conspired against her, in that it was a thick white pique, with bright blue forget-me-nots sprinkled about—a pretty dress, that would have been been appeared on an August have been becoming, even on an August day, to the graceful little fairy at the re-maining window. She was a wee, slight little thing, with a mass of loose, short goldy hair; eyes of roguish, mischievous brown, and a complexion that, the more intense the heat, the more perfect grew the rose-pink tinge and camelia-like waxen-

She wore a white swiss dress, that was as thin and sheer as material well could be; a light, real lace ruffle around her throat; the sleeves open to the elbow, displaying the short, round arms; the skirt a perfect marvel of ruffles and puffs, and a wide orange satin sash. There she sat, daintily reading the latest "Saturday Journal," that had come from town that morning, with not a drop of moisture on her fair face, looking as comfortable as if the thermometer wer not 95 in the shade on the north side of the louse, and her cousin Celia roasting by de-

"I declare, Una, if I can stand this any louger; and you are as cool as a cucumber I don't see how you can always be so com-fortable—and lazy. There's a pile of hand-kerchiefs that high, waiting to be hemmed."

Una laid down her paper, and laughed.
"How do I keep cool? Well, I don't know myself. I like these hot days—the hotter the better, for me. And, if you want to know why I am lazy, and don't hem those handkerchiefs-in plain English, Celia, I don't intend to do a stroke of work, or take stitch, all this long, glorious summer

She leaned back against the white-tidied cane rocker, her bright eyes laughing at Ce-'And what do you intend to do-if I

may ask?"
"Oh, ride, and go boating, and flirt—and

Celia looked up, at her cousin's curious words; and she found the pretty face was grave now, with a faint blush on it.

"What do you mean, Una Howard? Not—not—it's not that rattle-pated young author, that has been at the tavern thi month back, fishing and sailing all around?"
"If you mean Mr. Exeter, the author,

you are correct. Una was as "cool as a cucumber," and no mistake; and Celia Leffington felt her heart grow cold as a lump of ice. She had fallen in love herself with this elegant young city fellow, long before she had known that he was near them—she had read those shilling receme and delightful stories of his until the poems and delightful stories of his, until the one romance of her poor, starved life had betrayed itself to her—she found this Rod-ney Exeter her ideal; she had enshrined then adored him, all in such a heavenly dreamland that she had come to believe i was all true.

She had never dreamed the "young literary gentleman" Una talked about so much, who was "putting up" at De Grave's tavern, was her "Rodney Exeter;" she never knew it until Una Howard had mentioned his name so nonchalantly, so proudly.

What a blow that was to her! At first

she felt her head whirling in a giddy maze then she grew faint—then an awful awaken ing from her long, sweet dreams sent the tears in torrents from her eyes; and, as by intuition, Una saw it all at a glance. burst upon her with a force that was over-powering; this tall, raw-boned woman in love with her Mr. Exeter!

She laughed aloud at the idea; and Celia, as she walked almost blindly out of the room, heard its musical, mocking melody.

"Oh! how I hate you, Una Howard!" Then Una took offense, packed her trunks, and went home; and on the fourteenth of July there came a letter merely saying Una had been married from home to Rodney.

"Oh, it's delightful, isn't it? I do so dote on the rural beauties of nature, especially

when-when-when there's works of art

Celia Leffington had essayed to overpower her landlady by her flowing style of rhap-sody, but she "came down like a stick" to her own chagrin.

It was at Newport, where Celia had set her heart on coming for its possible mending after that affair with her "author;" a pleasant room near a splendid villa afforded her the opportunity of indulging in her overflowing admiration.

It was an immense building, with baywindows and balconies, French awnings and cupolas; a vast lawn and gardens surrounded it; the owner was very handsome, the landlady said, of course very wealthy, and—how Celia's heart began its mending process-a "bachelor!"

"He's oncommon fond o' books, I should say, as I see him every afternoon, toward sundown, sitting in that arbor yonder, readin' That's him!"

That's him !" Celia's enchanted eyes took in the fine figure of this very desirable gentleman. She saw, with rapidly-beating heart that he was as handsome as she pictured her ideal in her vaguest dreams; he was young, too, and looked positively literary as he walked along slowly, as if he enjoyed every step he

Oh, if she might but become acquainted with this gentleman; who knew but what he might "take a fancy" to her? wouldn't it be grand, glorious to be the mistress of this palatial mansion? wouldn't she pay Una Howard—Una Exeter, for her arrogant impudence? wouldn't she show Una's husband—to whom, doubtless, Una had told her foolish secret—that there were men who could appreciate her?

And on the wings of this suddenly-created Pegasus, Celia Leffington flew to the very steps of the altar in trailing white tulle and cobweb lace vail, leaning on this strange gentleman's arm.

How she managed, I can not say. Whether the porter's gate was open, and she walked through unmolested, or whether she bribed his wife, or climbed over the low, rustic fence I can not say; I only know she did get in the grounds, and that, too, just in time to run, very innocently and guilelessly, against the gentleman as he turned a curve

in the promenade.

He raised his hand courteously, with just a faint show of surprise and displeasure.

"I beg your pardon, madam—"
"—oiselle!—I am single," Celia added,
with a sweet smile and a simper.
A comical expression lurked in his eyes a

Thanks for the information. This is

He paused inquiringly.

"Miss Celia Leffington, and a kindred spirit, I judge from that book."

He didn't quite understand (does the reader?) but bowed.

"I presume you are a stranger at New-I am-and I am not. As time is measured, I have only passed a fortnight in this lovely retreat; but, allow me to say, I feel as though I had known you for ages on ages, so often have I watched you from my window, Mr. ——?"

It was a delicate thrust, and the gentleman smiled outright.
"I thank you, Miss Leffington, although
I hope never to become so antiquated as that.

"I understand you, too, indulge in the loneliness of single life, Mr. -? I hear vou are a bachelor.' He drew his brows into a curious frown, while his eyes seemed threatening to explode with laughter.

Miss Leffington, I am a bachelor, and as such will you permit me to extend the hos-

pitalities of my mansion to you? Accept my arm."
How her heart was bouncing! It was a clear case of love at first sight; then she

grew confidential "Perhaps you could tell me if you ever knew a man in literary circles by the name of Rodney Exeter? He married a cousin of mine-a childish little thing; he was an old flame of mine, you know—quite desperately smitten, if I do say so. But he was very

boyish, but quite talented."
"Y-e-s," answered he, musingly. "I
think I remember him. Walk in, Miss Lef-

fington; I will call my-Celia knew he was going to say "house-keeper"—and how stylish it would sound from her lips!—when a shadow fell across the floor, and before she could look up, a merry-making voice greeted her horrified

"Where on earth did you pick cousin Celia up, Rodney? Why, Celia, how d'ye

It was Una, laughing, sparkling, radiant in her splendid queen's gray silk walking-

Celia looked in frantic amazement.

"Who—what—"
"I am Rodney Bachelor, at your service; and my wife, Mrs. Una Bachelor."
Regardless of appearances, Celia made a bee-line for her boarding-house, her cheeks tingling to think how she must have appear ed to him, and after that yarn about his own self too!

A bachelor was he? yes, and with a ven-And Celia Leffington then vowed never

again to have to do with these slippery double-named impositions—authors!

The Black Crescent: COALS AND ASHES OF LIFE. A MASKED MYSTERY OF BALTIMORE.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR., OUTHOR OF "HOODWINKED," "RALPH HAMON, THE CHEMIST," "THE WARNING ARROW," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVI. DEAD BROKE.

WE left two villains hors-du-combat. Gil. Bret was first to recover himself, and he gained his feet with a scramble, a slip and a jump. Had it been daylight, we would have seen, that his face was red, his temple blue and swollen, and his actions those of one who could not fully understand

In the same moment, he was calm; he comprehended all. He saw a still form dimly outlined on the

pavement. Haxon returned to consciousness at that instant; but he rose slowly.

The two were not long in recognizing

each other. It is said, you can put two

thieves to robbing a house in the dark, and, though neither may be aware of the other's presence, their movements will co-operate to an end of mutual benefit. So, in the dark of the street, they knew one another. "Well, Haxy," muttered the bruiser, in a slow tone; "you're a fine dose, you are!" "What's the matter, Bret?"

"Matter!" he repeated, as if he had not heard aright. "Matter! do you say? Well -look 'e here-didn' you wax me 'n the

ear just now? Say?"
"I struck some one—" "Yes; an' it was me!" growled Bret.
"I couldn't see who I hit," said Haxon, apologetically, while he rubbed his head with his hand

The side of his head felt sore. Christopher Crewly had 'hit out' twice—once for a hat demolisher, and again for a knock-down. Both blows were well put. Bret's head was not altogether sound either. The punishment he had received at the hands of his friend, had left its mark. Crewly's shout for the police had been heard, and several parties were already crowding the doorway of the restaurant.

The brilliant light from the interior of the room, was shed full upon Haxon, and, perceiving him, the two or three men start ed to cross the street.

This movement was observed by Bret, who said, in a hurried whisper: "Come on, Haxy; they're after us."
"My hat?" said Haxon, inquiringly

It lay near them, and when the ill-used article was recovered, they started off. "Who was it shouted for the police?" asked Bret, as they skulked rapidly along, keeping close to the railing.

can not say When the individuals from the restaurant eached the spot, no one was to be seen Haxon and Bret also turned down Pratt

Reaching Broadway, they entered a car, and it was the next one to that in which were the lawyer and Wat. Blake.

"You say you don' know who yelled for the police?" put Bret, when they were

seated. "I haven't the slightest idea."

"Well, that is queer!"
"I saw some one," continued Haxon, suddenly appear on the scene, and before could defend myself, something struck me

-I think—an umbrella." "Very queer!" commented Bret. "It's mighty sing'lar 'at such a mess should hap-I'll forgive the lick 'at you give me cause I don' s'pose you could see how 't

"What are you thinking about, Bret?" The bruiser seemed unusually thoughtful; his eyes fixing upon the floor of the car during his speech, and his mind, evidently, not wholly with his words.

He looked up and gazed earnestly into his companion's face. Well, I'll tell you, Haxy"-lowering his voice, and glancing suspiciously at a ne-gress who occupied the corner seat oppo-site them—an' it's this: I know now, 'at

you were right about Bertha Blake bein' alive-"Of course. You might as well have believed me in the first place."
"Wait. More'n that, her brother's alive,

" Ah!" " You never saw 'im, but you've heard enough from me to know 'at he's a enemy of yours. When I used to tell you about 'im, he was a boy. Now, that 'ere boy's got to be a man. That 'ere man met me, to-night, at the Gates—hold on now, till I've done! He ord'r'd me to give up the paper 'at we've got ag'in' Forde. He's mighty worked up 'bout our tryin' to drown his sister, off Locust

But the paper?" interrupted Haxon,

"That's what we were a-fightin' about!"
"He has not got it?" " Of course not 'Fare, gentlemen." The conductor stood before them.

Gil. Bret felt for his pocket-book. Harold Haxon saw the rough visage of his companion turn pale as death. "What's the matter, Bret?"
"Nothin'—nothin' "—feeling in another

oocket. But search was useless; he had been robbed. Fortunately, he had a dollar bill put away loose. This he gave to the conductor, and his hand trembled as he handed it over.

While waiting for his change, Haxon marked an expression truly fearful in his bull-dog countenance. When the conductor had departed, Bret turned to Haxon and whispered, hoarsely:
"Robbed—by thunder!"

"But the paper is safe?" quickly.
"It was in my pocket-book. They're gone!

'Ha! Gil. Bret-" 'Tain't the worst! All my money's gone We're dead broke! For one second, Haxon looked at him

"Shut up!" hissed the bruiser, grasping his arm. "Don't say any thin' more."

They left the car at Baltimore street

"Gil. Bret," said Haxon, as they stood looking over the rail, down into that historical murk of filth and mud, "do you mean, seriously, that you have lost that valuable Been robbed!" was the brief rejoinder,

spoken absently. Under the circumstances, Hax wondered that his companion could maintain such composure.

"Robbed!" he repeated. "By whom?"
"Didn' I tell you? Wat. Blake—curse

"Then, what are we to do? Why, man, you don't seem to realize our loss. " Yes I do, too!" declared Bret, in a brief, blunt, snappish tone. Then rouse up. Don't stand there dreaming-

What's the use? We're sunk!" "Can't we get the paper back?"
"Get—thunder!" "And no money left, either!"
"On'y this 'ere dollar 'at I bu'st on the car

An alarm of fire was sounding. Bells tolled in discordant echoes, and here and

there a faint cry arose upon the air.

Presently, steamer No. 5 came thundering along—its smoke-stack spitting flame, its driver yelling, and a wake of glowing embers marking its headlong course.

"Hallo! Where's the fire?" shouted

Bret, to a fireman, who seemed rather to whiz than run past them. An answer was growled back, and the

words seemed to please Bret.
"See, Haxy, it's just round the corner!
Come on—let's go."

The fire was quite near. A bright glare suddenly lit up the heavens, but died out almost in the same moment.

As they turned a corner and joined the crowd that ran, jostled, swore, panted and howled, Haxon felt his arm grasped.

"Hold on," said the bruiser, in a low tone.
"Come in here."
In the lapse of a second, they stood in a narrow alley that was dark, silent, grave-

like. "What's up, Bret?" You ain't asked me any thin' 'bout that

'ere Burns chap_" No! what-

"He's in here."

"Where?" "Come on, an' I'll show you. Softly,

Haxon heard the other moving away, and he followed—groping along the damp brick

They reached a gate. It was unfastened. A few seconds more, and they were at the kitchen window. With a little difficulty, this was forced open, and the interior of the

house was gained.

"'Sh! Careful, now," admonished Bret, whisperingly. "Burns is in this house. I tracked him after you left me on the bridge. Bertha Blake's here, too, I reckon, an' her brother. We're right in the nest of 'em. Easy—take care—we can't afford to kick up a rumpus yet. I'm after a bag 'at's got five

a rumpus yet. Pm after a bag 'at's got five thousan' dollars in it!"

And this was why Bret had been so quiet. He was planning to better their situation. His brain had summed up: Wherever the woman in black was, would, also, be the bag of money; where she was, would, also, be Wat. Blake; Blake must have the paper; and these parties must be where he knew and these parties must be where he knew Austin Burns to be; for he had no doubt, after what Haxon told him at Wilson's restaurant—having since been convinced of

his companion's veracity—that Bertha Blake had the young man in her care.

The hour was growing late. If they had retired, he might make a bold dash, and se-

cure both the money and the paper.

It was worth trial; and Bret was no novice in the art of burglary.

The crowd running to the fire served him.

Neither he nor Haxon were observed when they slipped into the alley.
"Are you sure Burns is here?" inquired

Haxon, in a guarded voice.
"Yes. But don't you think 'bout him till I tell you. Money first."

With the stealth of cats, they made their way to the parlor—paused—listened. Not

"They're in bed. Got a match?"
Haxon produced a match, and by its tiny

flame they saw that the room was empty.

Stepping cautiously, they ascended to the second story. All was still here.

The several doors on the landing were open. Bret's suspicions were aroused. Light another match, Haxy. When the match was ignited, they cast a hurried glance into each room. All were

serted—empty—silent.
"Fooled, by thunder! They're gone!"
"Gone!" echoed Haxon.

That Bret was disappointed, we may safely infer, for he supplemented his first exclamation with an oath so deep, harsh, terrible as to make even Harold Haxon shiyer. But he betrayed no further chagrin, and silently retraced his steps. Where do you suppose they've gone

"Makes no difference," returned Bret, surlily; "it's enough for me 'at they're

"Then we are no better off than we were

"You wait." Bret wanted money. Their situation was startling. Bayview, with its cupola, and broad grounds; its solitude in the midst of winter barrenness; this loomed up in the vision of his imagination, and he was, really, not so easy in his mind as he had forced himself to appear a short time pre-

Money must be procured in some way. With true burglar instinct, he sought the pantry.

Here he met with another disappointment. Not a fork, spoon, or even a nap-kin-ring rewarded his close search. Mut-

tering another curse of direful frame, he turned his attention to the parlor. There was nothing of value, except the bulky, unavailable furniture. Well, this 'ere is a fine go!" he growlin a half-savage mood. "Nary a cent, ed, in a half-savage mood.

nor silver! All our trouble for nothin'ha! what's that ?" There was a faint noise in the direction of the kitchen—a step, a rustle, a faint something—and, with the fear of guilt, they held their breath and listened for a repeti-

CHAPTER XVII.

tion of the sound.

BERTHA BLAKE'S GREAT WRONG. THE first action of our eccentric friend, Christopher Crewly, after bidding Mrs. Lenner good-night, was to seat himself on the edge of the little iron bed, and look steadfastly at the floor, as if he saw, in the worn rag carpet, something both novel and From a state of momentary abstraction,

ne aroused, and tenderly drew forth, from the lining of his hat—a pair of stockings. This piece of magic was followed by extracting, from the inside of his precious umbrella—well, let it suffice that he presented a nice white front at breakfast next

morning.

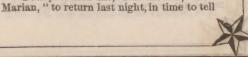
The bed was too short at one end for Crewly. In cozily shrouding his shoulders, he drew up his feet, with a squeal, for they had touched the ice-like frame.

The ceiling slanted, directly over him, and in sitting up to adjust the covers, he struck his head an excruciating bump. Finally, he curled himself up, and, in the diminutive heap, the dignified, six-foot Christopher Crewly, LL.D., was lost.

Shortly after breakfast, next day, the room in which Marian Mead had passed so blissful a night, contained a party of four. Marian, with the woman in black, was seated near the window, while Crewly, his face molded to extraordinary gravity, oc-

cupied a chair near them, and was conversing with Wat. Blake. Blake and Crewly had been introduced to Marian, and the happy girl, conscious of the love and protection that now hovered round her, knew not whether to laugh or weep—so uncertain, ofttimes, is the ecstasy

of unexpected joy. Good Mrs. Lenner would, undoubtedly, have made one of the party, but that she was by the side of Austin Burns. 'You promised me, dear mother," said



me of myself. You don't know how anxious I have been."

And so I would, darling—but I was by the bedside of one who is near and dear—" Another child?" interrupted Marian, softly

No-not my child; but the child of one now dead, and who ever knew the fondest love I could bestow—my sister's child."
"Ahem!"

"Well, Mr. Crewly?" You're going to tell her?"

All right. Excuse me. I'll listen too. Attention, Wat. Blake."
"I have not always been accustomed to

such plain comforts as those which now surround me, Marian," began the woman in black; "I have known every luxury wealth could create—every happiness soul could wish for on this earth. The causes of the change in my life, from joy to misery—for such has been its change-were two things: the first, a lovely woman; the second, a rare treasure called—The Black Crescent—"

"Ah! a crescent!" exclaimed Marian.
"Yes. You have it on your arm."
"I have! I have! See!" She bared her arm, and there, in precisely the same manner as upon the arm of Eola Forde, was a miniature representation of the Crescent.

"I will explain that, presently. Wait. I was the youngest daughter of Matthew Blake, of Richmond—a man of riches, standing and wide influence. I was considered beautiful; reigned as an acknowledged belle in the first circles of society. Not a care was on my mind; I lived only for the morrow; money, friends—both were at my command. I had a rival. Those who were so fortunate as I, must have. That she was lovely, I can not deny. I often envied her the luster of eyes, that were even brighter than mine; but, with her beauty of face and, form, there was combined a nature of

opposite mold.
When in the zenith of my career, a leader of fashion, the cynosure of admiring eyes, there came to our city a man whose graces won, first my esteem, and afterward, my love. But I was not alone in this love. My rival, whose name was Louise Ternor, also felt a passion for him; and when she discovered my feelings, hers were inflamed to desperation. It then became her task to win him from me. But she failed. Harn-den Forde and I were married, secrelly; af-

ter which we left Richmond. "I thought myself the happiest of women. But I did not, as I imagined, know the man to whom I had given my hand, my heart, my fortune. He was fickle—he was superstitious. For a time we lived blissfully together. A little girl was given us. We

"But I am too fast. Forde and I were not married at once. When Louise Ternor found her schemes unavailing, she wedded with a man who proved, subsequently, to be an adventurer. Luckily for her her money and property were so tied up that he could not squander it. When Eola was born, Louise Ternor had a child, a boy, two years old. Her husband shot himself at a gaming-table, on a Mississippi steamer, shortly after the birth of their child.

"There ensued nearly two more years of unmarred happiness. I had not seen, nor heard of, Louise Ternor for a long period, and I began to hope that she had left the country. Alas, for my hopes. With vengeful spirit and undying hate swelling in her bosom, she was watching me—waiting for an opportunity to make my life miserable. A few years had not erased the glorious beauty of her face, nor taken from the captivating symmetry of her form. Her lips were still a tempting fount of sweets, and her voice was even richer in its music. Without my knowledge, she was weaving a devilish web around my husband, charming him from his allegiance, until I could not help perceiving that he had altered toward me. I saw that his love was not the same, and asked a reason for it. He was silent.

had to be resigned; but the very air I breathed whispered some pending crisis. My nights were sleepless. He talked in his slumber, but his utterances were unintelli-The first blow came. He had speculated in slaves, and lost nearly the whole of his own wealth. Mine followed. It was

the fiendish planning of Louise Ternor. She hated both of us. But I knew not, then, that she was anywhere near us.

"My father died about this time, and my brother Walter—always of a roving disposition—disappeared. I afterward ascertain ed that he had gone to the mines. He and this lawyer—Mr. Crewly—were the only witnesses to my marriage besides the minis ter. The marriage was against my father's will; but, on his death-bed, he forgave me. And it was then that he handed me The Black Crescent, gleaming with its priceless jewels, and awing in the simple story con-nected with it. It had been handed down, through generations, to me; originally entered our line through an old Irish landlord. who said it was a gift from the 'Fairy Circle', to a distant relative of his great, great grandfather-and the recipient, a beautiful irl. The magic property was supposed to e a talisman of good luck to whoever held

it. The requirements of the possessor were, that his or her children should not fail to have pricked upon their arms a perfect fac simile of it. When I tell you of Austin Burns, the young man by whose bedside I watched last night, I will, also, tell you why it was given to me-for I was the youngest child, and the Crescent must, invariably, go to the oldest, and, in case of no children, then to the oldest brother or sis ter, and so on. As you are my child, you

have the Crescent on your arm.
"The next blow. I discovered that Louise Ternor was near us, and had for her ally a woman named Bret, who had a son named Gilson Bret. The three were working our ruin. Then, I learned the superstitious nature of my husband. This woman was carrying out the part of a fortuneteller, to serve the aims of Louise Fernor, and my husband, with a blind belief in the sayings of the stars,' was obeying any instruction they saw fit to give. He was the more blind, because my former rival, and now deadly enemy, held him in her power through the spell of her wondrous beauty.

"When I made this discovery, I lost no time in striving to undo what had been done. Louise quick enough. Louise Ternor knew of the Black Crescent; knew low great a value I placed upon it; knew that I guarded it jealously, in remembrance of my father. She persuaded him to steal it from me, which, in his mad infatuation, he did. My demand for its return was vain For months there existed a coldness be-

Another blow came, that well-nigh cast

late one evening, and, I shall never forget the expression of his face as he stood be-fore me. He had been absent in Richmond the week previous, though what occasioned that visit I could not divine. I learned soon enough. He ordered me from him! I was thunderstruck! I could not believe my errs! A storm of words ensued. Explanation he would not give. But my pride was stricken. I could not tolerate this, even from the man to whom I still clung with a fond, forgiving love. I left him. My wounded heart was further crushed when I returned to Richmond and found the record of my marriage missing l—the minister who had married us, dead l—and Christopher Crewly, who had witnessed the ceremony none knew what had become of him !

A terrible suspicion flashed upon my mind. This suspicion proved a true sur He meant to deny our marriage! To what end? Oh! Marian, I shudder. But, never mind—listen further "-her eyes dimming with tears at this point in the narrative. "Almost as soon as I arrived in Richmond, you were born to me. You were, then, all I had left. Deserted, friendless, very near a beggar !- the world seemed dark and chill, and not one ray upon the horizon, to promise a coming day. I could not stay long in Richmond. Just enough of my secret marriage had leaked out to render it a subject for scandal, and the merciless rumors that met me everywhere were unbearable.

"I came to Baltimore. Here another blow awaited me. You were stolen from me; you, my precious Ora—all I had left—"
"Ora—Ora," interrupted Marian, seem
ing to dwell thoughtfully upon the name.

"Yes—I had you christened 'Ora.' You were stolen, and then I did realize the full sense of my utter loneliness. I was beset on every side; arrows of hate were showering upon me wherever I turned; Louise Fernor let not an opportunity pass in which to further satiate her thirst for vengeance, I say vengeance, for I know no better term. It would seem I had done her an irreparable injury in marrying the man she loved.

"What became of you, Ora, at that time, or how they got you, I can not say. You were spirited away when I least expected such a blow at my peace. The odds were terrible against me. They were now aim-ing from ambush. I could not ferret them And Eola, my first child was growing up in ignorance of her mother's wrongs.

Soon I learnt, with horror-and it was by a note couched in most insulting terms, from Louise Ternor-that my husband was an active party in their war against me. What could I do? The record of my mar-riage was gone; my inhuman husband had hidden the certificate; all the witnesses were of no avail. I could not well face him with his guilt. But I did not yet despair. had a brother remaining to me. where was he? I knew not. But I could search for him! Gathering what little funds were mine, I sought the far West. I will not weary you with recounting my priva-tions and disappointments during that long, anxious, discouraging search.

Newspapers were heralding the advent of a civil war. The country was in dis cord, and many bands of brave men passed me-going to preserve the honor of the nation! Providence assisted me at last. I saw, and knew the face of him who alone could aid me in my trying struggle; but he could not stay at my side then. His country called him; that first—and me next. Strong arms and gallant hearts were need ed, and his own were pledged. He had amassed a great deal of money, and my immediate wants—not a few, for my funds were exhausted—were relieved.

"I followed him in his proud-career. I fles rattled the death-note for many a noble and unflinching man; where cavalry surged like seas of living steel, and corses piled the sod, beneath the hurling fury of opposing hosts. Through this-and always thinking of you, Ora, of Eola-of my wrongs.

"Three years ago, following the advice of my brother, I called on Harnden Forde -my husband. I found him as I had left heartless. I offered to forgive if he would but quell the cruel rumors that spake ill of me in Richmond, and restore my child-you, Ora. He laughed at my proposition, and said he knew nothing of you; that he had never seen you; and when I asked him for the Crescent spurned me, bade me begone. Louise Feror was still near him; though, in the same infatuation with which she held him to her

will, she also kept him from her. "At the end of the war, brother and I went to Washington. While there, we met an old, staunch friend of our family, who said he had seen Christopher Crewly Richmond, and that Crewly was looking Filled with conjectures as to why he should desire to see us, and only too glad to find a living witness to my marriage, we immediately went to Richmond. But Crewly had gone to New York, to push his search. I came to Baltimore, and Walter continued to hunt for the lawyer.

While here, I found that Louise Ternor had crowned her triumphs by a final blow at my husband. She wrote him a letter, and I gained possession of it. In view of this occasion, Ora, I have it in my pocket. Listen.

She drew a delicate billet from her pocket one whose tinted pages were soiled, and whose sweet perfume had, long since, per-

Ora listened raptly, while she read as

"'To Harnden Forde, the man I have deped and played with at my pleasure: "'Know, that all you have done to injure your wife, was to gratify my hatred! I loved you once, as 'only a woman can love—with all the fiery ardor of a passionate nature. In mar-ring Bertha Blake, you turned that love into the nery ardor of a passionate nature. In marrying Bertha Blake, you turned that love into hate. Since the day of your marriage, I have followed, charmed, beguiled you; and my object has been your ruin; I have a paper which you were induced, by me, to sign, while under the influence of an intoxicating drug. It bears date, Dec. 20, 1863. It shall be held over you, to continue your unhappiness; and there will live, always, some one to see that the embers

I have fanned into flame shall never die out. I bid you adieu, and may you never forget that the siren who wrought this, is

LOUISE TERROR.'" "And there is another," continued Bertha Blake, drawing, a second epistle from her pocket, "which was written by the Fortune-Teller." And she read:

Tener. And she read:

"'By the time you get this, I will be gone
where you never can find me. But a word:
never part with the Black Crescent. The moment it leaves your hands, for others', you are
accurst." A lightning shaft could not be quicker in its course across the heavens, than your
downfall before the world. It contains a
charm no mortal knows, and you are only safe me in my grave. He returned home quite charm no mortal knows, and you are only safe

while you have it-so say the stars. Again, beware there hangs over you a curse. In Time's unfoldings there may come a youth to win Eola's heart. Her heart will be his and they would wed. This youth will be your own child. The two children wedded, flesh of one the two children wedded, nesh of one flesh, blood of one blood, life of one life—say the stars. Then will earth cease to hold you; the fires of perdition will not receive you; thearen will bar its gates to you; thegrave will harbor naught but unrest to the despairing soil. Beware! MADAME FERNANDEZ."

"This, undoubtedly," resumed Bertha Blake, "was also written by Louise Ternot. You would ask her object? Her child, who was under the care of Gilson Bret, was now growing up. She was determined that her son should marry Eola, to continue the vent of her hatred. This I got from her own lips, on her death-bed. And the 'sayings of the stars,' were to bring about the desired end. Before Louise Ternor died-I-forgave her-all she had done.

During the absence of my brother Walter, I discovered your whereabouts, dear Ora, and you must know, full well, that I have not lost sight of you since, though I came very near doing so, it seems. In watching you, my child, I was also watching Bret and Haxon, the latter the son of my discarded enemy. I ascertained that they, in connection with a gang of thieves, had planned to rob the Captain's safe, on the ferry. But I was not circumspect. They found me out, and I was seized by them carried to a bateau at Locust Point, where they attempted to drown me.

I owe my salvation to an old, whitehaired negro, who was there, fishing by moonlight. He was near, in a skiff, and saw every thing that passed. But for the lateness of the hour, and the deserted sur-rounding, he would have called for help; and besides, he feared for himself. would-be murderers hurried back to shore immediately upon casting me into the water-never doubting that I would drown;

for I was bound and gagged!
"Providence was still with me. I rose to the surface twice. At my second appearance, a stout man grasped me, and a kind voice spoke to me. When I recovered, I rewarded my preserver to the best of my ability, and I have never seen him since. Walter returned very soon afterward, and he had succeeded in finding Mr. Crewly. The lawyer had been bribed to steal the record; and his villainous employer subse-

quently attempted to poison him—"
"Fact, that is!" inserted Crewly, with a pucker of his lips and an emphatic nod while his eyebrows twisted together like

tiny snakes "He still had the record—has it now—"
"You see," interrupted the lawyer, deeming a word on his part very necessary at that juncture; "Forde first paid me to steal the will; then he sent me to Bristol, England, on business-which wasn't any business, but a goose-chase; and it turned out that he'd bribed a seaman—an ugly rascal, by the way! ahem!—to poison me during the trip. See? But the fellow—dog!—wasn't read up in the art, and he gave me too much. Consequence: here—I

"It would seem," said Bertha Blake, addressing Ora, "that the clouds are, at last, going to clear away. And with you by me, my dear child, I know there is much happiness in store. I can not speak of Eola; I fear she would not recognize me—her own

mother-' Oh! yes, dear mother," exclaimed Ora, throwing her arms around Bertha Blake's (or rather Bertha Forde's) neck; "I am sure sister will love you as I do. I loved you so much when I first saw you, in that awful home not far from here; and now"—she did not finish the sentence, but pillowed the way more speaking than words.
"And of father?" asked the gentle girl.

What are you going to do now?"
Bertha's brow clouded. Wat. Blake frowned darkly; and Christopher Crewly taking the answer upon himself, said, with another of those emphatic nods:

Ahem! Send him up. Penitentiary. Boarding-house for rogues, etc. See?"
"Oh! no," pleaded Ora, her blue eyes radiant with the light of forgiving love; you will not be cruel with him ?- say that ou will not. Wicked as he has been, may there not be penitence within him? Think may not the voice that has spoken harshly yet make amends with tender words ?- the to him?—may not the lips that have sylla-bled affection's whispers in years past, once more imprint the kiss of love upon your brow, and call you wife again, in tones so sweet, so familiar to your ear? Does not the great, good Being who gave us life, also grant us to repent of our sins?—though they be as scarlet! The Bible tells me so. And see-I have a little one here that has been my companion for years. Whenever I have felt sad, it has cheered me; and when I read it, I always see how sweet it is to forgive our enemies

She drew from her pocket a small Bible. and while her eyes were dim with the wet of tears, and the music of her voice tremulous with emotion, added: Read it-for my sake. It will teach you

to-forgive!" Was it the eloquence in which she pleaded? Was it the gentle reproof at tardiness to forgive one who might, perchance, re-pent? Bertha clasped her in her arms, and while the tears fell thick from her weeping eyes, she sobbed:

"Ora! Ora! My child"-but could say no more. Wat. Blake—great, strong man—looked on that picture, and Ora's words tingled in his ears

Were there tears in his eyes? He could not say; but things in the room became very indistinct, as if it were nightfall, instead of midday.

Christopher Crewly acted very strangely. Something seemed to stick in his throat that would neither come out or go down; and to relieve himself of the unpleasant sensation, he started up to look more closely at

Ah! Harnden Forde—what a powerful friend among those who had been so deeply (To be continued-Commenced in No. 80.)

THE gipsies in the hop garden in Pesth have a curious way of looking after the honesty of their money collector. The person entrusted with the mission of taking the hat around among the crowd has a living fly put into his left hand, while he holds the hat with his right. When he returns with the funds he must bring the fly back alive, as a sign that he has not taken any money; but if the fly be wanting, or even dead, he does not get his share of the money. SAD, BUT TRUE.

BY JUST AS YOU LIKE IT.

She stepped upon the platform—
Her grace I can't forget—
For, oh! that Grecian Bend of her's
Clings to my memory yet.
Her smile was like the sunbeam;
Her bonnet "some," you bet;
But that lovely Grecian Bend of her's
Was the "heaviest" Bend I met.
Her waterfall was gorgeons.

Was the "heaviest" Bend I met.

Her waterfall was gorgeons;

And all who saw, contend

That her grace was never equaled

By the Saratoga Bend.

But, alsa for maiden beanty—

Dust will return to dust;

And the most enchanting Bender

Is doomed to "moth and rust."

In stooping to assume her seat,

(I hate to tell, but must,)

Some whalebone thing that staid her up

Bent double—and then bust?"

She softly sighed, and sweetly smiled,

And then in accents tender,

As she rabbed her back, she gently said,

"Thank Heaven, I'm off my bender!"

Bessie Raynor: THE FACTORY GIRL.

BY DR. WM. MASON TURNER, AUTHOR OF "COLLEGE RIVALS," "MASKED MINER,"
"FIFTY THOUSAND REWARD," "THE MISSING
FINGER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVIII. CONCLUSION.

SEVERAL hours later, when Bessie Ray-nor lay in her room, recovering from the effects of the accident, while Lorin sat and watched her tenderly, a rap was heard at

Lorin crept down and answered the summons. A sailor stood there. A letter from our mate to his sister," I the sailor. "I believe she lives here," said the sailor. "I believe she lives here," and, shoving the letter in Lorin's hand, he

turned and strode away.

The young man looked wonderingly after him.
"Our mate to his sister?" he murmured. 'What can the fellow mean?" But, he

turned at once, and went up-stairs.

He gave the letter to Bessie.

With a little cry of mingled joy and surprise, she sat upright, and tore open the en-

elope, and read.

"Heaven be praised!" she cried. "The clouds are breaking, and the dawn is coming. Read this, Lorin."

He took the letter, and read as follows: MY DARLING SISTER:

"Our ship, the Nautilus, is just in. I have been promoted to first mate's berth a long time since. We have been very successful; but I have something strange to tell you. I found something, while at sea, in the old sea-chest father gave me. If it is true, we are rich. I heard of his death on our arrival here. God rest his soul. I send this by one of our crew. I'll be up in the nine o'clock train. God bless you.

RALPH." RALPH."

"Nine o'clock. 'Tis past the hour. Ha!" and Lorin paused, as another rap, at that instant, sounded on the panel.

Bessie Raynor's heart leaped to her throat, and a wild, yearning look came to her eyes. But she did not move. A moment passed, and a loud shout of

welcome sounded below. In an instant, flying feet sounded on the staircase; then the door to Bessie's room was flung open. Ralph!" and the long-parted brother

nd sister were locked in each other's arms. Still, Ross, the cripple, whom, in the great excitement of this eventful day, every-body seemed to have forgotten, was not

We draw the scene on this family reunon-a reunion under such circumstances An hour later, Bessie, her sailor brother and Lorin Gray, the hero, stood, silently, in the little front room below, in which, months before, had reposed in death the

body of old Silas Raynor. A silence, like unto the grave, pervaded the little group, as Ralph Raynor, opening an old, storm-stained sea chest, which had just been delivered by the expressman, drew from it an ancient, threadbare peaacket. With trembling fingers, he opened

the lining of the old garment, and drew out some faded documents. "I found them here, in mid-ocean," he said, in a whisper almost solemn, "and my brain reeled. Look over them, Bessie, and tell me if they agree with what our dead

father said to you. The girl took them, glanced over them, and, as her brain reeled, she uttered, in a voice just audible:

'These are the papers, Ralph. God has sent them!

A half hour passed in silence. In that time a letter had been handed to Lorin Gray, by a messenger, who said a crippled had begged him to deliver it. looking on the envelope, saw his name in ink, and the following in pencil:

DEAR BESSIE: Send this to Lorin to-day or to-night-whenever you get it." When Lorin read the missive, he had fallen, in a swoon, to the floor.

But the time passed. Lorin Gray suddenly bestirred himself.
"Come, Ralph—time wanes," he said.
"We must be gone. 'I have my paper, and you yours.' Let's be gone. Justice, at all hazards, must be done."

They wasted no words. Wrapping themselves in their overcoats, the young men, bidding Bessie be of good cheer, left the

Still Ross, the cripple had not returned.
Arthur Ames' house was lit up in brilant illumination, from top to bottom. We will enter.

The spacious parlors were packed with a ay and splendid company. That company was now hushed and silent.

Before the clergyman. clergyman stood Minerva Ames and Malcolm Arlington. The groom

had already given in his responses, and Minerva was about answering, when a slight confusion near the door attracted the attention of all. A moment, and Lorin and Ralph made their way through the "Hold!" said the former, in a deep voice.

Before this ceremony proceeds further, it is better the groom should know his father-No words can describe the amazement

and consternation that fell upon all.

Arthur Ames, with a white face, strode forward. He started, as his eye fell on Ralph Raynor.
"What mean you, fellow?" he demand

ed, "by coming into my house thus? are a poverty-stricken—"
"Hold, old man," said the young man.
"Read these papers, and then tell me if I

am poor," and he held the documents to which we have referred before the old banker's eyes.

One glance, and Arthur Ames reeled backward. "'Tis false! a lie! I have it here," he exclaimed, forgetting where he was. At the same time, he drew from his pocket a folded paper. "I have it here, Ralph Ray-

He spread open the paper; but, as he did

He spread open the paper; but, as he did so, a deadly pallor came to his face—the paper fell from his hand, and he clutched at the mantel for support.

That paper, with the exception of five written and unsigned lines, was a blank.

"What means this, Lorin Gray?" sternly demanded Malcolm Arlington, as, dropping Minerva's hand, he strode forward and confronted the young mill-man.

fronted the young mill-man. "This paper will tell you; and I have a larger one, a more elaborate one, to confirm it," said young Gray, trembling despite his

efforts at control.

He handed Malcolm Arlington a small piece of paper. The rich banker took it, glanced on it, and started back.

"My God! what does this mean! Do

my eyes deceive me?" Holding the paper aloft, he read the fol-

Holding the paper aloft, he read the following:

"Twenty-two years ago, I and Arthur Ames plotted to murder Rutledge Ames, then nearly four years old, the son of Bernard Ames, deceased—the object, to inherit the boy's money. I flung him in the river, for money given me by Arthur Ames. But he was saved by old Moll Gray, the fortune-teller. Lorin Gray is Rutledge Ames. In my dying hour, I do him this right. This is written and signed in my own blood.

""Tie falsa! falsa!" and Arthur Ames.

"'Tis false! false!" and Arthur Ames, white as a sheet, turned and fled from the

For a moment, all was silence. Then, Malcolm Arlington, striding forward, again said, in a low voice:

"I thank you for this kindness, Rutledge Ames, as I must call you. My name has never been stained with dishonor. And" turning to the pale-faced, haggard Minerva—"I can not now bring disgrace upon it by wedding with you. Minerva Ames, I re-

With a long, piercing wail, the stricken girl sunk on the carpet.

We again draw the curtain on the scene.

Arthur Ames, without his overcoat, and hatless, hurried along the dark street. The moon was just creeping up into the sky and shedding its gentle beams abroad. The old banker looked not behind him. Despair was written on his brow and anguish was in his heart, as he hurried, like a madman, along. And as he went, he muttered:
"Lost! Oh! God! Lost! Every thing

lost!" and he still bent his stride onward.

He paid no heed to the way he was going.

He cared not, for his soul was steeped in gloom and trouble, and his brain was

His foot trod on the cold boards of the eastern bridge. He suddenly started, as a small, dwarfish figure barred his way. He paused, and a shadowy fear crept over

him.

"Ha! Well met! Arthur Ames!" said the person who stood in his way. "I tried to get to your house, and there brand you, murderer, that you are! But I was faint; I fell by the roadside. Now we are met and I denounce you, as the murderer of old Mother Moll and—"

"Hound! who are you?"

"Hound am I! I am Bessie Raynor's brother, and again I denounce you as—"

"Enough, crippled dog! Enough, you have sealed your doom!" and, in an instant, he flung himself upon the poor boy.

he flung himself upon the poor boy. The struggle was an unequal one. boy was borne back toward the low, brown parapet of the bridge.

At that instant, the moon shone brightly

Just as it broke through the gray cloud aboye, a squalid form appeared, a female form, her dress torn and burned and smell-ing of fire, a form tottering and reeling. A

moment and she stood by them.

"Hold! Arthur Ames! Hold! Oh! God! he is murdering my boy, poor Ross! Stand back, man!" and she sprung for-

"Ay, Nancy Hurd," was the cruel answer, "there he goes!" and, with an effort, he raised the boy and flung him high over the parapet into the river.
"May hell seize your foul carcass for that!" exclaimed the woman, as she flung

herself on the banker. He was a mere straw in her hands; weak, bleeding and wounded unto death, as she as. The struggle was momentary.

A moment, and as a wild shriek, like the wail of a lost soul, rung on the air, Arthur

of the Merrimac. Then the moon, as if shuddering at the sight, drew again behind a passing cloud. All was still. That night, at twelve o'clock, on the return of the theater train to Boston, the mo-tionless figure of a woman was noticed by the conductor to remain in the car. He approached her. To his horror, he saw

Ames fell with a splash into the dark boson

that it was a woman who had got on at Lawrence, and that she was dead. When the body was removed to the police station for inquiry, what was the surprise of those engaged in searching it, to discover a large amount of gold confined to the woman's Nancy Hurd had gone to her long recken-

We have but little more to add: we give

the late but little more to auti, we give it briefly.

Lorin Gray, or Rutledge Ames, for that was his name, succeeded in time to his property, which had been appropriated by his avaricious uncle. The letter sent him by Mother Moll was a confirmation, in extenso, of Black Phills driver confection,

of Black Phil's dying confession Ralph Raynor established with the papers found in the old pea-jacket his claim to the small house in which Bessie lived. Not only that, but he journeyed out west with the old deeds, and, to his amazement, found that he and his orphan sister, by virtue of those old papers, owned property of immense value on Rush street in Chicago. Then the directions for finding the buried doubloons were followed.

Strange to say, the spot indicated by the compass was the ground covered by Black Phil's cabin. On digging, the gold was

When the ruins at Mother Moll's burned house were searched, the old woman's charred corpse was found. Through the bare skull a bullet-hole had been driven. People wondered; but old Merrimac held

Months after the great accident at the mills, a skeleton, deformed and distorted,



was found imbedded in the mud, on the banks of the river, far below the city, Bessie Raynor knew that skeleton, and then, as she remembered an old-time tale of a vision, she wept. She thought her brother

had committed suicide. Minerva Ames soon disappeared from Lawrence. A year after her disappearance, she was seen by Bessie and Lorin (as we prefer to call him) on their bridal tour, as the principal of a religious seminary, near the Kaatskill

She recognized them, smiled pleasantly, and then, as a tear fell from her eyes, she hurried away. But, before she went, she had whispered:

God bless you!" She was happy; a new life was opened before her, and she was joyous in a hope that reaches beyond the grave. Our tale is told.

THE END.

The Ocean Girl: THE BOY BUCCANEER

BY LAFAYETTE LAFOREST, AUTHOR OF "CRUISER CRUSOE," ETC., ETC.

> CHAPTER XVII. DARK CLOUDS.

NEXT day, on the requisition of the British Admiral and Consul, the port, bay and of-fing, were searched; but not a trace of the Ocean Girl was discovered. Doubtless the audacious pirate had run into some creek, and landed his men, who by means of a small boat had reached Rio Janeiro, and made the atrocious attempt upon Ed-

He; however, was far from believing that Captain Gantling had authorized the attack upon him. There was something in the man's manner toward himself personally, which forbade this hypothesis from obtaining credit with him, while of the intense personal hatred of Grunn he was well

As the storm had blown over during the night, both the Indiaman and the cruisers were ready, the former to pursue its journey, the latter to search the whole coast. To remain together was useless. A rendezvous was therefore fixed at the cafe,

when all could report progress.

Edward would gladly have volunteered with one of the cruisers, but the wishes of Sir Stephen and Loo prevailed; and he agreed to defer formally entering the ser-vice until they had reached their destina-

They parted then, all in high spirits, and hopeful of the capture of the pirate which could not be expected to escape their joint

We may here remark that the Indiaman, though to all appearance a first-class ship, and fitted out as a man-of-war for the occasion, was, what with passengers and soldiers, more like a slave ship than anything else, being laden with all sorts of careening gear, military and other storea, and what is more, crowded with bale goods, and in-

cumbered with merchandise.

A ship of this quality and condition could not be expected to work with that readiness and ease, which were necessary for her security and preservation in those heavy seas which she had to encounter.

After separating from the cruisers, they ran down the coast, until they had nearly gained the southernmost mouth of Straits La Maire, when, by a sudden shifting of the wind to the southward, and the turn of the tide, they were very near being wrecked upon a rock-bound coast, to which they

had approached too near. a moment all was wild confusion, and then discipline obtained the upper hand and by the exercise of those maneuvers which display human ingenuity and energy which display human ingenuity and energy in the highest degree, the vessel was hauled off the shore, and was proceeding on its voyage, when, by a great roll of a hollow sea, they carried away their mizzenmast, all the chain plates to windward being broken.

This was followed by hard gales at west, coming on with a prodigious swell, which caused a heavy see to breek upon the chin

caused a heavy sea to break upon the ship, that stove in the boats, and half filled the ship with water. The carpenter soon supplied the loss of the mizzenmast by a lower studding-sail boom, but this expedient, together with the patching up of the rigging, was a poor temporary relief. They were soon obliged to cut away their bower anchor to ease the foremast, the shrouds and chin plates of which were all broken, and the ship in all parts in a most crazy con-

All began to regard their position as serious, the Admiral most of all, though he said nothing to discourage the brave men about him, or to unnecessarily alarm the women. But when, thus shattered and disabled, they had the additional mortification of finding themselves on a lee shore, from the weather being unfavorable for observation, he called a council. servation, he called a council.

There was but one opinion, and that was to sail to the eastward on the track of outward and homeward bound ships, when they might meet with succor or aid; or to enter some port, and refit and lighten the ship. The latter counsel would have prevailed if they had known anything of their whereabouts. They were aware of their proximity to land, from such tokens as weeds and birds; but what land?

An occasional glimpse of what appeared

An occasional glimpse of what appeared high mountains, however, settled the matter, and showed the nearness of the danger. But it was too late to avoid it, for at the same moment the straps of the for-gear,

same moment the straps of the for-gear, breaking the fore-yard came down and the greater part of the men being disabled through fatigue and sickness, it was some time before it could be got up again. But now the land was clearly visible, the ship driving bodily onto it. Every effort was now made to sway the fore-yard up, and set the foresail, which done, they wore the ship with her head to the southward, and endcavored to crowd her off from the land; but the weather, from being very land; but the weather, from being very tempestuous before, now blew a perfect hur-ricane, and right in upon the shore, which appeared to render all their efforts fruit-

And now the night came on, dreadful be-yond all description; and when attempt-ing to throw out their topsails to claw off the shore, they were at once blown from

All this time everybody remained up and dressed. The Admiral and the officers were busy aiding and advising the men, so that Loo remained wholly in the hands of

CHAPTER XVIII.

SHE clung to him with feverish energy, saying nothing, however, but cowering under the bulwarks, where he had taken her for shelter. The night was fearfully, horribly dark, and it was almost impossible to discover any thing beyond the ship.

At last, at four in the morning, the ship seemed to strike. Still, though the shock was great, very great indeed—being not unlike the blow of a heavy sea, such as during several preceding days they had often experienced, it was taken for the same; but the whole of the passengers and crew were speedily undeceived by her striking again more violently than before, which laid her on her beam-ends, the sea making a fair breach over her.

It required no warning voice to bring every one upon the quarter-deck; indeed, many appeared, who had not shown their faces upon deck for more than two months one or two unfortunates, who were ill with scurvy, and could not crawl from their hammocks, were instantly drowned.

Edward clung to a belaying-pin with one hand, while with the other he clutched Loo. He had little hope, for the vessel lay in the same dreadful position for some minutes, all on board believing it to be their last moment; no glimpse of any thing could be caught but of breakers all around. Next minute, however, a mountainous sea hove the vessel off, though she soon struck again and broke her tiller.

This was a disaster apparently so fatal, that many seemed inclined to give up all hope, and at the sight of the foaming breakers around, felt inclined to cast themselves over in utter despair.

The Admiral sternly addressed them, asking them if they had never seen breakers before, nor heard of men escaping from the most fearful dangers. He then ordered them to seize the sheets and braces, and thus

command the ship.

As he spoke, the Indiaman ran in between an opening of the breakers, steering by the sheets and braces, when, by great good fortune, they stuck fast between two great rocks; that to windward sheltering them from the violence of the sea to a certain artists.

They immediately cut away the main and fore masts, but still the ship kept heeling in such a manner that few imagined she could hold together for many minutes.

The 'day now broke, and the weather,

which had been extremely thick, cleared away for a few minutes, and gave them a glimpse of the land. This set everybody thinking of saving their lives. To get out the boats, now that the masts were gone, was a work of some time which where are was a work of some time, which, when accomplished, many were ready to jump into them headlong, without regard to women, children, or sick.

children, or sick.

The Admiral, captain, officers, and some of the best of the men, however, armed with cutlasses, interfered, and those whose sex or age entitled them to the preference, were first helped in. The men, upon this, grew very riotous, broke open every chest and box that was at hand, stove in the heads of casks of brandy and wine and get so revisible in of brandy and wine, and got so rapidly intoxicated that several were drowned on board, and lay floating about the decks for days afterward.

Edward stood by Loo until she had been lifted into the boat, when he went down to his chest, which was at the bulkhead of the ward-room, in order to save some little matters, if possible. But while he was there the ship bumped with some violence, and the water came in so fast that he was again forced to get upon the quarter-deck, without saving a single rag but what was boat, all crowded together. mon his back

The boatswain and some of the people would not leave the ship as long as any liquor was to be got at; upon seeing which, Sir Stephen and the captain, with the rest of the officers, went ashore, without more

When a shipwreek occurs, the first thing that is thought of is getting to land; it is the natural and highest wish to be attained, but in the present instance the change was very little for the better.

On every side a scene of horror-on one side the wreck (on which was all they had in the world to support themselves), together with a boisterous sea, presented the most dreary prospect; on the other hand, the land scarcely presented a more favorable ap-pearance. It was desolate and barren pearance. It was desolate and barren, without a sign of culture, so that they could hope to receive little other benefit from it than the preservation it afforded them from

Of course all who were possessed of manly feeling, confessed it was a great and merciful deliverance from immediate destruction but there they were, all wet and cold and hungry, the elements to struggle with, and no visible remedy against any of these evils.

Edward, as soon as he saw the head of land they had chanced on, though faint, be numbed, and almost helpless, exerted him self to find some covert, however wretched against the extreme inclemency of the weather. He was fortunate enough to find an Indian hut not far from the beach, within a wood, and here all the ladies, without distinction, crouched for that night,

which was most tempestuous and rainy.

None of those who were saved from the wreck ever remembered such another night. Even if the weather had not excluded all of rest and refreshment, other ideas would have interfered, as they were not without alarm and apprehensions of being attacked by the Indians, for they had made a discovery of lances and arms in another

In this miserable hovel, where he has been admitted that night because of his illness, died a lieutenant; and of those who went for shelter under a great tree, which stood them in very little stead, two more perished by the severity of that cold and

In the morning, the calls of hunger, which had been hitherto suppressed by their attention to more immediate dangers and difficulties, became too importunate to be re-Most of them had fasted eight-andforty hours—some more. It was time therefore, to make inquiry as to what sort of sustenance had been brought from the wreck by the providence of some, and what could be procured on the island by the industry of others.

The whole amount of food saved from the ship was three pounds of biscuit dust, re-

served in a bag. Several, however, ventured abroad, the weather being exceedingly bad; but they killed only one sea-gull, and picked some

The whole of this was put into a por with the addition of a large quantity of 1 ite and friend.

water, and made into a kind of soup, which was then divided among them all as far as it would go. But no sooner had they par-taken of it, than they were all seized with the most painful sickness, violent retchings, swoonings, and other symptoms of being

This misfortune was imputed to various causes, but chiefly to the herbs they had made use of; in the nature and quality of which they fancied themselves mistaken. A little further inquiry, however, made them aware of the real occasion of it.

The buscuit dust was nothing but the sweepings of the bread room; and the bag in which it had been put had been a tobacco bag-the contents of which not having been entirely taken out, what remained got mixed with the biscuit dust, and proved a strong emetic.

CHAPTER XIX.

ON SHORE. THE weather abating somewhat, it was ascertained that about one hundred and forty had got ashore. A few, however, still remained on board, giving away to drunkenness, and pillaging the wreck. The leader of these was the boatswain.

The Admiral sent out officers in the yawl, with orders to endeavor to prevail upon them to join the rest, but they proved to be in the greatest disorder, and disposed to mutiny, so that the officers were obliged to desist from their purpose, and come away

without them. Everybody was very desirous to take some survey of the land they were upon; but the general opinion being, that the savages had merely retired to a small distance from them, and only waited to see them divided, no excursions were made from the hut. All the land seen, however,

was morassy and unpromising. They were in a little bay, formed by prominences, some so steep as to be inac-

Nothing was obtained that day but shell-fish and wild eelery, and that in very in-

sufficient quantities.

The night was exceedingly tempestuous, and the sea, running extremely high, threat-ened those on board with immediate destruc-tion by the parting of the wreck. They were therefore, now as solicitous to come ashore, as they had before been obstinate in refusing assistance.

ing assistance.

But the captain could not acquiesce in their wishes, it being impossible to send off the boat in such a sea. The drunken and silly fools then fired one of the quarter guns at the hut, the ball of which passed just are the covering of it. over the covering of it. Another attempt was made to bring the madmen to land, which, however, from the

violence of the sea, and other impediments occasioned by the mast that lay alongside, proved ineffectual.

Upon this delay occurring, the people on board became outrageous, and began to beat every thing to pieces that fell in their way. At last, so great was their intemperate excess, that they broke open chests and cabins for plunder that could be of no use to them. So far in earnest were they in this mere wantonness of theft, that when they were brought off, it was found that one man had evidently been murdered on acount of some quarrel over the division of the

But the chief object of the mutineers was to provide themselves with arms and ammunition, so that they might be able to

carry out their mutinous designs.

They asserted that the authority of the officers ceased with the loss of the ship.

They soon afterward came ashore in one

The sea still ran very high, The Admiral and officers held a consul the shore, all the good and the tried men of the shore party ran into the water, as if to help them, but in reality to rush upon them and disarm them, which in their maudlin state was done without difficulty.

The men were half sobered, and, though still insolent, they all appeared inclined to

acquiesce in their defeat, except for the

boatswain. It was ludicrous to see them, with the officers' best suits, which they had rifled from chests and cabins, put over their greasy trowsers and dirty checked shirts. The boatswain was the most marked, being all in laced clothes, and also most insolent; but the captain knocked him down

with his cane, and ordered both him and his companions to be stripped of their finery.

As it appeared quite clear that some time must clapse ere any thing could be done toward leaving this desolate region; and, taking into consideration the incessant rains, and the exceedingly cold weather, everybody felt it impossible to subsist without shelter

The hut was scarcely enough for the women, so the gunner, the carpenter, and some more, turned the keel of the boat upward, and thus made a tolerable habitation. This kind of settlement having been made

with the addition of rude stone walls all around, they made their researches with greater accuracy than before. They were well aware that even the most desolate shores are seldom unfurnished with

supplies of some kind.
They therefore soon found some sea fowl, limpets, mussels, and shell-fish, in tolerable

Still no provision proportionate to the number of mouths to be fed, could, by their utmost industry, be acquired from the part of the island they had yet seen. Therefore it soon became necessary to

visit the wreck, and from that to take such supplies as could be got out of her.

This, however, was a very precarious fund and could not last long; and as no man could rightly say how long they might be detained on the island, the stores and provisions they were so fortunate as to release, were not only to be dealt out with the most frugal economy, but a sufficient quantity laid by, to fit them out as soon as they agreed on any mode of transporting themselves from that dismal spot.

This led to an examination of the boats, which were more or less injured, so that they would carry scarcely half the number. It became necessary at once, therefore, to resolve on a raft, which might be towed by the boats, and by their means either to reach a more hospitable clime, or to cross the track of other vessels, which might thus

All this time no signs of the Indians were seen, and Edward, who was of no use in any other way, strolled about with a gun, making Loo his companion. From the stores of the ship she had been

rigged as a boy, as being more convenient; and it was her delight to follow her favor-

The long boat was still on board the wreck; and as soon as the weather abated, a large number of hands were sent to cut the gunwale of the ship, in order to get her out, all planks and beams being saved for

While the men were engaged on this business, there appeared three canoes of Indians paddling toward them.

Motions were made, and after some time they approached, and proved to be people of small stature, very swarthy, with long, black, coarse hair hanging over their faces. Despite the cold, they had no clothing but a bit of beast's skin about their waists.

They could not make themselves understood, but in return for a looking glass and some other trifles, they brought in three sheep, which made the people fancy their troubles were nearly at an end, and that food would be plentiful.

Many wanted to make a feast accordingly,

out of what had been taken from the ship But the officers were obdurate. They had erected a storehouse near their own huts, from which nothing was to be dealt out but in measure and proportion as agreed on' by the superiors.

The men seeing this, and finding that the Indians did not return, set to work with a will, remodeling the long-boat, to make it carry as many as possible, and tow the raft

(To be continued-commenced in No. 79.)

Beat Time's Notes.

THE NEW FIRST READER. A stands for any thing, B stands for Bec. S stands for something, N stands for nothing.

You must do as you are bid. But the cook must do as she is Biddy. It is a little

WE should all get up ear-ly and see the sun rise whe-ther we go back to bed again

IT is healthly for lit-tle children to play, there-fore they should play all the time.

WHEN you go to bed you should think upon the good you have done during the day; if you haven't done any good don't think about it; per-haps you did enough

the day be-fore to do two days. TRAY is a bully bull-dog. He is every inch a dog and more too. If he would bite me I would bite him, you bet!

He will run at a fox or a cow He will run at a ren or a hat—I mean a hen or a rat.

He will run at a piece of meat.

The pigs chase him all the time. The pigs are mean, ain't it?

NED's kite would not fly, there was no wind, so he put some powder under it and blew it up—wasn't he smart? Yes, he was,

My little puss will purr. She does it on pur-puss.

I saw a butterfly to-day; it was in our butter. We had coffee flies too for din-ner.

The bee is up to meet the sun,
The toad is on the wing,
The lark its labors has begun,
The woods with music ring.
Shall birds and bees and toads be wise
While I my moments waste?
Oh, let me at eleven rise

must learn them so we may use hard words when we get bigger.

A LITTLE boy went to gap in church the other day and he swallowed himself. You should never gap in a church. They say that little babies have to wear false teeth and wigs before they get real

hair and teeth. This is a whopper. LEAD pen-eils grow on cedar trees. This

is another.

WHEN little children get sick they have to take medicine. It's bad to take. We'd rather take apple dumplings.

IF anybody is in trouble we should help him out. A little three-foot old boy saw a poor man looking through the bars of a jail, so he went and got him a file, and the man filed out. Remember this.

LITTLE boys should never be idle. If they haven't any thing to do they should do nothing rather than be idle.

HAVE a place for every thing, and keep every thing in some other place, and you will be sure to get them when you find

Dio you ever see a beaver? If you didn't, you should ought to. They cut down trees with little hatchets, and build houses, and they make fine hats. I never saw them making any. They cut beavers in two and sew rims on them. Each beaver makes two hats. You should all try to be beavers.

A LITTLE boy went near the river, and he fell in and was drowned. You must not go near the river. A little boy fell out of the school-house window and broke his neck, and otherwise crippled himself up for life. Therefore you should never go to school.

PARENTS, obey your children.

I am occasionally absent-minded. The other day I went into a millinery store and told them I wanted to get measured for a bonnet. As I left, there was a broom-stick subsequent to me.

One day I put on my spec's, and then hunted for those same spectacles all over the house, took them off and wiped the glasses, and then, putting them on again, renewed the search, but without success. I once put on my right boot, and, taking the left in my hand, I went through the ho-tel threatening to brain the fellow who

wouldn't tell me where they were. I was so absent-minded once that I didn't tell a lie for a whole day. I don't often take such spells.

I know a certain town where the inhabitants never take the precaution of putting

locks and bars on their doors; they are perfectly contented without them; they know that if their neighbors steal anything from them, they will steal it back again.

I HAVE been under an avalanche of grief, but was dug out; was placed on the pin-nacle of fame, but managed to climb down; have been tired to death, but was resurrected; lost my reputation once, but it was found and returned; received torrents of abuse, but changed my clothes; have been in storms of passion, but was not blown away; fell into a sea of trouble, but wasn't drowned much. drowned much.

This time his name is Jones. He very wisely blew into the muzzle of his gun, to see if it was loaded, and was convinced that it was. It out blew him. When his head came down, his friends buried as much of him as they could pick up.

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THE HIDDEN SORROW.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

Maiden, I heard thee breathing a sigh:
What saddens thy heart and clouds thine eye?
Lo, the dameers go in a merry round
and music and laughter and mirth abound,
And yet your eye does not follow the waltz.
Oh, tell me, has some one proven false?
Not that, not that, my friend.

The time is hardly an hour away When I marked thee merry among the gay, Thy spirits seemed on wings to rise, Wit flashed from thy lips, and light from thine

eyes; Oh, say, has your happy heart been stirred By an unkind look or a cruel word? Not that, not that, my friend.

Has your mind forsaken this festal time.
And backward flown to thy childhood's clime?
And there amid those sacred bowers
Dost thou see some friend of earlier hours,
While memories come of the old delight—
Is it this that makes thee weary to-night?
Not that, not that, my friend.

Does thy heart recall a face laid low Under the sod where daisies blow, Or a cold, cold hand that was once thy own, And warmed in friendship for thee alone, And here while this mirth those memories wrongs,
Is it for this you turn from the throngs?
Not that, not that, my friend.

Dost thou sigh because the present files?
Do thy dates grow ripe under sunny skies?
If some one's lied against thee, I'll lick him,
If some one has trod on thy foot, I'll kick him:
The cause of thy woe let thy lips express,
And my strong right arm shall thy wrong redress
And she turned a look on me Ill at ease,
And sadly answered, "These pesky fleas!"

Alaska, the Cheyenne. A STORY OF COLORADO.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

"Ir the White Bird of the pale-faces will become the wife of Alaska, he will take her to his lodge, and she shall become the queen of the mighty Cheyenne nation. Alaska has long smiled upon the white man's flow-He once saved it from death.

"Yes, Alaska, the bravest representative of the Cheyenne tribe, saved my life he wrested me from the icy stream; but, what he asks can not be."

The Indian—a perfect red Apollo—rose to his feet, and looked down upon the beautiful girl in silence.

"I will ever remember you with grati-tude and kindness," she continued, gazing into his face, as calm as a summer morn. "I owe you a life—yes a life, Alaska; but, long ere you tore me from the whirlpool, I had promised my hand to another.' 'A pale-face?"

"Then may the White Bird be happy with her pale mate," said the Cheyenne, and, turning meditatively on his heel, he strode from the arbor.

He had spoken falsely regarding his feel-He hated, with all the bitterness of an Indian's hate, the lovely creature who had refused to alienate herself from kindred and a luxurious home, and betake herself to the wilderness as his slave.

He had been a privileged visitor at Judge Gathright's house since he rescued Florence from a watery grave; and, but few of Denver's citizens suspected that he, the red no-mad of the woods, was bold enough to claim Florence's hand, as a reward for his praiseworthy action.

For several weeks after the Indian's avowal of love, he was a stranger to Denver. The Gathrights thought that he had forsworn civilization, and returned to the wild life his people love so well.

But one evening he suddenly made his ap-

rance on the streets of Der He sauntered around with idle air, managing to direct his peregrinations toward Florence Gathright's home. A strange fire danced in his black eyes,

and proclaimed his errand freighted with

As he neared the house he beheld Florence conversing with Victor Galbraith, her accepted lover, at the gate. He at once quickened his steps, and suddenly paused before the pair. "Alaska!" cried Florence. "Why, boy, we thought that you had ceased to visit

"Alaska is as restless as the hyena," was the reply. "He came to tell the White Bird that if she still refuses to become his wife, by the Great Spirit of my people! she shall never-

The thundering sentence was broken by Victor Galbraith's clenched hand, and the Indian went to the ground like a stricken

"I will teach you how to threaten a woman," cried the young man, dashing a look of scorn at the fallen chief. "Now get up,

and give me an opportunity to repeat the operation just performed." The red-skin scrambled to his feet, and Victor sprung forward to deal a second

"Don't, Victor, don't!" cried Florence, clutching his arm. "He does not mean what he says; and, besides, you owe him a great deal, for he saved my life."

The lover could not resist the look that accompanied Florence's entreaty, and reluctantly lowered his arm.

The savage did not evince any gratitude for the young girl's protection; but moved away in a sullen mood, muttering something to himself.

And those murmurs were freighted with

revengeful thoughts.
"The white man will never strike Alaska again." That blow will rankle in the Cheyenne's heart until he has had revenge. Alaska will rob him little by little, and at last force him to look upon the White Bird as

Alaska's slave. Then the red chief will give him up to the torture. As the days waned, the Cheyenne was a frequent visitor to the Western city. He mingled freely with the miners, and more than once sauntered into Victor Galbraith's law office, and conversed with the young man for hours. His manner completely de ceived the disciple of Blackstone. thought that Alaska had buried the hatchet, and forgotten the chastisement he had re-

ceived at his hands. While the Indian smoked Victor's choice brands, he was planning the revenge he afterward attempted to carry out.

The lawyer was the possessor of the finest span of horses in the city. They were importations, fiery, and as black as the raven wings of midnight.

Frequently he drove them through the city with Florence Gathright at his side, and many a person envied him their owner-

He loved his noble beasts, and through

the dumb brutes his bitter enemy resolved

One gloomy night the form of an Indian glided down a Stygian valley, and paused before the stable wherein Victor Galbraith's horses stood

A bright blade of steel flashed in the light of the few stars that appeared beyond rifts among the clouds and something very like a lantern dangled at his side.

Once within the structure he lit the tallow dip in the lantern, and the light revealed the features of Alaska, the Cheyenne A flush of anticipated triumph illumined them, and with stealthy tread he moved toward the beasts.

"This is the beginning of Alaska's revenge," he muttered. "Before the hated pale-face recovers from the loss of his horses Alaska will steal the White Bird from his side, and make her the Cheyenne's squaw and slave."

He paused before one of the steeds, and raised the keen-edged scalping-knife.

The poor animal stood motionless at the manger, unsuspicious of its coming doom. Slowly the knife was elevated, and suddenly and swiftly it descended into the steed's throat. Alaska crouched beneath the manger to avoid the falling brute, whose life-blood gushed from severed jugular.

"One dies!" he cried, springing to his feet. "Now for the other. When the white man comes forth in the morning, what sorrow will tear his heart-strings!"

The red-handed chief, aflame with the terrible passion of revenge, now glided to the second horse which roused by the small.

the second horse, which, roused by the smell of blood, pawed furiously in his stall. The Indian gently stroked him to curb his anger, and felt the edge of his knife ere

he raised it aloft. "Thus perishes the pale-face's pride!" he hissed, as the weapon paused above his

But at that moment the black steed espied him. Quick as lightning the halter strap was snapped in twain, and the beast turned upon his would-be destroyer.

He reared aloft with a loud whinny, and

his iron-shod hoofs dashed Alaska to the floor. The Indian tried to rise; bu his efforts proved vain, for the maddened horse ontinually beat him down. He shrieked; but not an ear heard his

cries, for the storm that now raged without effectually drowned them.

And when Victor Galbraith entered the

heard a gate open, an' then a door, an' then anuther 'un-an' arter thet we went along a place what hed a stone floor. Then a door opened ag'in, an' I wur shoved in, ther door slapped to, an' all war silent.

Well, now, thet war rough. My hands war tied behind so tight thet ther raw hide war fa'rly cuttin' into ther hide; 'sides which ther cussed blanket-all over greasy, an' full uv creepin' creeturs—war a'most smotherin' the life outen me. Howsumdever, by turnin' sum summersets, bumpin myself ag'in' ther wall, an' standin' onto my head, I managed ter git rid uv it, an' then I felt like goin' ter work an' gittin' cl'ar uv ther place, wharever it wur.

"But, work es I would-an' I tell you I didn't lay back an' rest much—them dod-rotted rawhide strings wouldn't give no-how. Leave a Mexiken greaser alone fer tyin' a knot so's to stay.

"Thet work kep' me bizzy till mornin' an' then a yaller-belly kem in wi' a lot uv tortillas an' a gourd uv water, an' sot 'em down, makin' a motion es how I wur to help myself. I warnted to know how war a-goin' to do thet, wi' my hands roped ahind me; but ther imp on'y grinned an' hunched up his durned shoulders, an' started

'Heold on, ole hoss,' sez I, scrapin' up all ther lingo I knowed. 'Kin yer tell a feller human what these hyar chaps are agoin' ter do wi' him?'

Ther greasy cuss grinned wuss'n ever, an' all he sed war to draw his finger 'cross his throat, an' croak like a big bull-frog.

"He axed me ef I onderstood that an' I tole him I jess did, on'y too durned cl'ar-"He larfed ag'in, an' went out, slappin' ther door behind him, an' lockin' it on the

"I war hungry, monstrous hungry, boy-

ees, an' thar war plenty uv grub afore my eyes but how the devil war I to eat it? "The greaser hed laid it onto the floor, an' while I war lookin' at it, I suddently see a ole gray-nosed rat peek outen his hole, an' by-em-bye, kem creepin' across to whar the

"Ther old feller looked so hungry, an his eyes war a-beggin' so hard, thet I sw'ar I kedn't make up my mind to skeer him away; so I took and kicked one uv ther cakes over to whar he was squattin', an then lay down on my belly an' eat ther bal-

lance hog fashion.
"The ole rat eat all his shar, and went off; but when ther greaser fetched' in my cheat me outen my last night's sleep, no-

"I reckon I must 'a' drapped off right away, but kedn't 'a' slep' long when some-thin' cold rubbin' ag'in' my hands woked 'I war about to jerk 'em away, when I

felt somethin' ha'ry bresh ag'in 'em, an' then ther cold feelin' ag'in wi' a kind uv pullin' at ther raw hide.

"It must 'a' been a inspecreation, es they calls it, but I knowed in a seckind what it

"Ther ole gray rat war behind thar, an' he wur gnavin' ther ropes.
"Lordy! how my heart did thump ag'in' my ribs es I lay stiller'n a beaver on watch, give the ole feller a good chance.

"I heard his sharp teeth cuttin' an' crack-in' 'mong ther tough hide, an' by-em-bye it quit an' all war quiet. "I waited a good bit, feared to move my hands, but, arter a while, I guy a leetle pull, an' burn me wi' pine knots ef they

warn't free. "Bully! Hooray! Three cheers fur ole gray-nose!" shouted the boys, and forthwith three rousing yells were given.

"Yes, siree! ther durned things war cut clean es a whistle, an' ole gray gone off to his hole to go ter sleep arter his night's

"Well, boyees, I waited awhile ontil my arms got over bein' numb, an' then gettin' close 'longside uv ther door, I sot up ther awfulest groanin' an' hollerin' fur help, an' sw'arin' I war dyin' an' ther like, thet ever

yer heard. Jess es I expeckted, hyar kem ther greaser, all uv a skurry ter see what war

"He onlocked ther door, an' stepped inside, an' war jess beginnin' ter ax what war ther matter when I pinned him by ther

"Chokin' him down, I kicked ther door to w' my foot, an' then gettin' holt uv his knife, I hilt it close afore his eyes an' tole him what would be the matter ef he dar'd to breath' louder'n a groun' mole.

He wur a terrible coward, they all be, an' he begged hard fur life, I tell yur. In less'n no time I hed him stripped tied up wi' them same ropes, an' arter makin' him tell me ther way outen ther ranch, an' back to town, I muzzled his head up wi' ther ole blanket, an' got reddy ter

"His greasy close fit me fust rate, an' then gettin' ther different keys all reddy, I

not conquer impossibilities; he will be here to-morrow, and my blood shall ransom that off my friend." As he pronounced these words a buzz arose; a distant voice was heard, the crowd caught the words, and Stop, stop, executioner!" was repeated by every person. A man came at full speed. In the same instant he was off his horse, on the scaffold, and in the arms of Pythias. "You are safe," he cried, "you are safe, my friend." Pale and half speechless in the arms of his Damon, Pythias replied in broken accents, "Fatal haste, cruel impatience. What envious powers have wrought impossibilities against your friend! but I will not be wholly disappointed. Since I cannot die to save you, I will die to accompany you." Dionysius heard and beheld with astonishment. His eyes were opened; his heart was touched, and he could no longer resist the power of virtue. He descended from his throne and ascended the scaffold. "Live, live, ye incomparable pair. Ye have de-monstrated the existence of virtue, and conhonostated the existence of white, and consequently of a God who rewards it. Live happy, live revered; and as you have invited me by your example, form me by your precepts to participate worthily of a friendship so divine."

not conquer impossibilities; he will be here

The Hanseatic League.—Few persons who now behold the riches and maritime power of the Dutch nation, have any idea how the little territory of Holland, in the Netherlands, sprung to their greatness of the last three or four centuries

The Hanseatic League is the most powerful commercial confederacy known in history; and the vigorous efforts of this society, attentive only to commercial objects, diffused over Europe new and more liberal ideas concerning justice and order, wherever they settled.

It was toward the close of the twelfth century, and while the Italians in the south of Europe were cultivating trade with such industry and success, that a commercial spirit awakened in the North. As the nations around the Baltic were at that time extremely barbarous, and infested the sea with their piracies, it obliged the cities of Hamburg and Lubeck, soon after they began to open some trade with these people, to enter into a league of mutual defense. they derived such advantages from this union, that other towns acceded to the confederacy, and in a short time seventy-two of the most considerable cities scattered through those vast countries which stretch from the bottom of the Baltic to Cologne on the Rhine, joined in the famous Hansea-tic League, which became so formidable that its alliance was courted, and its enmity

dreaded, by the greatest monarchs.

The members of this powerful association formed the first systematic plan of com-merce known in the middle ages, and conducted it by common laws, enacted in their general assemblies. They supplied the rest of Europe with naval stores, and fixed on different towns where they established stations, in which their commerce was regularly

The Hanseatic League, in the hight of its power and commerce, gave laws in commer-cial concerns to the whole northern world, and they were often but too apt to make an unjust use of their power for the ruining of any trade not confederated with them, by making an arbitrary order at their general assemblies, that none of their cities should traffic or correspond with any city not in the League. Such conduct could not fail to stir up many princes to be their enemies, who were therefore continually thwarting their commercial interests; and toward the declension of this confederacy, we find even some German princes inveighing bitterly against them, as the monopolizers

and engrossers of all commerce.

The first source of wealth to the towns situated on the Baltic sea, seems to have been the herring fishery; the shoals of herrings at that time frequented the coasts of Sweeden and Denmark, in the same manner as they now resort to the British coasts. The effects of this fishery are thus described by an author of the thirteenth century. "The Danes," says he, "who were century. "The Danes," says he, "who were formerly clad in the poor garb of sailors, are now clothed in scarlet, purple and fine linen, for they abound with wealth, flowing from their annual fishery on the coast of Schonen; so that all nations resort to them bringing their gold, silver, and precious commodities, that they may purchase her-rings which the divine bounty bestows upon

African Forest Traveling .- In the year

1772, Mr. Robert Norris, then governor of one of the English forts, made a journey to the Court of Bossa Abadee, King of Da-homy, in Africa. He was accompanied by a linguist, six hammock-men, ten porters, and a captain of the gang. The most fatiguing part of the journey was from Why-dah to Appoy. 'Here,' says Mr. Norris, 'the great wood commences, through which the path is so narrow, crooked and bad, that it is impossible to be carried in a hammock, even at the dryest time of the year. During the rains, it is almost impassable. We entered the wood at three o'clock in the morning, February 3d, with the advantage of a bright moon and serene sky. The captain of the guard disposed his men, some in front, some in the rear, with loaded mus-kets, to defend us from the attack of wild beasts, with which this dreary wood abounds. On each side of me, two of the hammock-men carried lanterns, with lighted candles in them, on which the natives have great reliance for terrifying the beasts of prey; the whole party singing and shouting as loud as they could bellow; blowing trumpets and firing muskets occasionally; which, with the chattering of monkeys, alarmed at our approach, the squalling of parrots, roaring of wild beasts, and the crashing and rustling of elephants through the underwood, formed the most horrid dis-

After having executed the object of his mission, Mr. Norris set out on his return. At Ardra, an occurrence took place which might have terminated seriously. 'One night,' continues Mr. Norris, 'I had my hammock slung in the white men's apartments adjoining to the Mayhou's house; and the weather being very warm, the hammock-men, porters, etc., chose to spread their mats, and lie in the piazza, and in the little court before it in the open air. When we were all asleep, except the captain of the gang, who, after having taken a nap, was regaling himself with a pipe, a leopard leaped over the wall, walked over those who were sleeping in the court, and without waking them sained are the court, and without waking them, seized upon the fat sheep which the king had given me, that was tied in a corner of the yard, and carried it off in

cord that can be conceived



mangled humanity.
On the threshold of revenge the villain had met his doom, and Florence Gathright escaped the fate he had purposed for her.

Camp-Fire Yarns.

How a Rat Saved Old Rube.

BY RALPH RINGWOOD.

"COME, come, Rube!" cried a voice in the crowd that surrounded the old trapper, that won't go down." "Then let it choke yer," growled Rube.
"What ar' it?" asked another, who had

just come up. "Why, Rube, hyar, says that his life war onc't saved by a ole gray rat. Ther idee uv a rat savin' a man's life!"

"Well, thet ar' a leetle stiff, an'—"
"Waugh! Shet up yer durned meattraps, an' I'll tell yer how a' ole gray
No'way rat saved Rube's life; an' I reckin when he done thet, he saved a man's life.

Ef enny uv yer don't think so, try me. "Yer've all heard 'bout ther time the greasers nabbed me down Taos, an' wur a-

goin' to slit my weezin fer killin' one uy the'r durned countrymen at Albequerque?"
Oh, yes. We all heard uv that."

"Yer did, eh? Well, keep them 'ere long ears open, an' you'll hear how it eended. "Fust, they laid fer me, an' ketched me out by myself one night, an' a duzzen er more uv ther cowardly imps tackled on at onc't, an' hed me roped good an' tight afore yer could wink yer blind eye. It wur a dark, rainy night—couldn't see yer hand afore yer face a inch off-an' es they hedn't give me no chance to yelp, I knowed in a minit thet when they onc't got me cached, the other fellers wouldn't hev no chance in ther world uv ever findin' me out. I knowed I war in a tight place, an' ked kim purty nigh guessin' who it wur as hed me, fer, yer see, I heard one uv ther durned skunks say 'brother' two or three times, an' I reckin'd he war alludin' to the chap as I hed rubbed out. My head war all wrapped up in a serape—ther durned thing smotherin' me a'most-so I kedn't see, nei even guess which part uv ther town ther greasers war carryin' me to.

'It wur a good ways, though, an' by-embye, I heard the swash, swash uv water, an'then I knowed I warn't fur from the banks

Alaska the Chevenne, a senseless mass of dinner and leff, hyar kem ole gray-nose ag'in, beggin wuss'n ever.
'I deevided ag'in, and done ther same thing ag'in thet night, when he fetched sum more fer supper.
"'In ther mornin' American, die,' sed

"'The — he doose,' sed I. 'But not ef he kin help it,' thinks I ter myself.
"Yer see, I hed fixed onto a plan as would work, I thort, an' so I hedn't quite guv up all hopes uv trappin' beaver an' throwin' buffler ag'in.
"At supper time I didn't drink none uv

ther water in the gourd. I wanted it all fur anuther purpose.
"Ther rat hed kem out, got his shar', an' hed gone back in his hole, whar he war set-tin' lookin' at me wi' his bright eyes, an' es I see him setting thar I thinks ef I on'y hed

them 'ere teeth uv your'n, ole feller, an' I ked get at 'em, I'd soon hev these hyar raw "I wish I may die ef I doosen't b'leeve thet ole rat knowed what I war thinkin' about, fur he jess opened his mouth an' snapped his teeth at me two er three times.
"Well, I waited till all got quiet like 'bout ther place, an' then fixin' my gourd handy, I lay down over it an' put my two

hands, whar they wur crossed, right into Hooray! Then yur had 'em, ole hoss!" exclaimed one of the rangers.

"No, they hed me," drawled old Rube.
At which there was a general laugh at the

ranger's expense. Leastwise they hed me fur a while long-continued Rube. "But I didn't stay I reckin I must 'a' laid thar fur more'n

hour, ennyhow till my back war most broke, an' then I rolled over an' give a tug at ther ropes. "I ked feel 'em slip a leetle, an' so, arter restin' a while, I got 'em in ther water fur

anuther soak.

'All ther time ole gray-nose war settin' thar, winkin' an' snappin' his teeth at me.
"Anuther hour an' I rolled over ag'in, made a bad job uv it, an' knocked over ther gourd, an' away went ev'ry durned drap uv ther water.

"Lordy, boyees, when I see that, I got up an' cussed, an' tore round thet place till I hed scart ole gray durned nigh to death Ther ropes warn't half-soaked, an' no

chance fur to make 'em enny softer. I pulled an' tugged an' rastled ther raw hide till I war plum broke down. An' then, when I see' thar warn't no use uv hurtin' my arms enny more, I laid down on uv ther crick-river they calls it thar. I ther floor, detarmined not ter let ther imps

tole ole gray-nose good-by, and stepped out, pulled to ther door, an' locked it fast.
"In five minits I war outen ther cussed place, an' may I never chaw buffler ag'in ef I war more'n a quarter uv a mile outen ther town.

"Yer see, ther imps hed trotted me aroun' an' aroun', so's to make b'leeve it war a good ways. "Well, it warn't long afore I found ther boyees, an' afore daybreak I war back at

thet ole ranch ag'in.' What the deuce wur y'ur back thar fur, Rube?" asked some one, in astonishment.
"Fur ter see my ole friend, ther rat, an'
while huntin' fur him we wur bound ter rub out a half a duzzen two-legged creeters thet would keep gettin' in ther way.

Short Stories from History

Man's Love for Man.—The story of Damon and Pythias, so often alluded to in letters and conversation, is not a familiar one, neverthless, in its details. It is as fol-Damon being condemned to death by

Damon being condemned to death by Dionysius, Tyrant of Syracuse, obtained liberty to visit his wife and children, leaving his friend Pythias as a pledge for his return on condition that if he failed, Pythias should suffer in his stead. At the appointed time Damon failed in appearing, and the tyrant had the curiosity to visit Pythias in prison. "What a fool you was," said he, "to rely on Damon's promise! How could you imagine that he would sacrifice his life you imagine that he would sacrifice his life for you or for any man?" "My lord," said Pythias, with firm voice and noble aspect "I would suffer a thousand deaths, rather than my friend should fail in any article of nonor. He cannot fail. I am confident of his virtue as I am of my own existence. But I beseech the gods to preserve his life. Oppose him, ye winds. Disappoint his eagerness, and suffer him not to arrive till my doubth his case. death has saved a life of much greater con sequence than mine, necessary to his lovely wife, to his little innocents, to his friends, to his country. Oh! let me not die the cruelest of deaths in that of my Damon." Dionysius was confounded and awed with the magnanimity of these sentiments. wished to speak, he hesitated, he looked down and retired in silence. The fatal day arrived. Pythias was brought forth, with an air of satisfaction, walked to the place of execution. He ascended the scaffold and addressed the people. "My prayers are heard, the gods are propitious; the winds have been contrary. Damon could be waking them, seized upon the fat sheep which the king had given me, that was tied in a corner of the yard, and carried it off in an instant, over a wall eight feet high, before the man had time to get a shot at him.